



# messing about in **BOATS**

Volume 39 – Number 4

November/December 2021

**MARITIME  
GLOUCESTER**



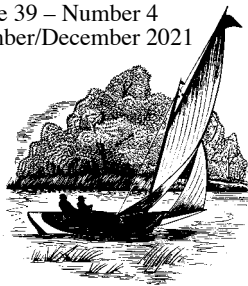
GLOUCESTER  
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## Commentary...

Bob Hicks, Editor

It's well into fall as I write, with the summer of '21 behind us. It's been a pretty good summer for boating, judging from what we have read and heard. Look at the center spread on pages 38 and 39 to view an example, a "drone view" of the summer fleets moored in full force in our three local harbors, Marblehead, Salem and Beverly, with many more a few short miles up the coast in Manchester-by-the-Sea and Gloucester. I'd guess that similar scenes could be viewed almost anywhere that boating is normally enjoyed. It does seem that indulgence in our outdoor game lends itself to carrying on this recreational aspect of our lives unthreatened by the dreaded covid.

All continues well here, we are unaffected by the dreaded covid (other than by some minor inconveniences in avoiding it) with all family members and friends continuing to live nearly normal lives at work and at play. Our loyal readers continue to find what we offer of interest, judging by renewals chiefly, as new subscribers still are in short supply as the colorful, instant and free online coverage of boating continues to prove more attractive and inexpensive.

So, we optimistically look ahead into 2022 to carrying on with our new six issues a year schedule. Yeah, I know, it seems so long between issues. When we began back in May of 1983, we undertook a twice a month schedule because we wanted to get closer to what was happening with more frequent publication. And now, well, we noted a number of the major boating publications were on six issues a year schedules for years and survived, so here we are. It's all about the money, the fixed costs (prepress, printing, postage) of fewer, larger issues favors that choice. Hadda do it or close up shop.

We want to again note how much we appreciate the articles contributed by many readers, always interesting new looks at what might be thought of as same old stuff, many personal stories that encourage us all to keep on with whatever projects we may be immersed in or adventures we might be thinking of embarking upon. We are also for-

tunate to be able to regularly reprint articles from several publications that bear directly on our interest to broaden our reach. We're even seeing some poetry about what we like to do.

We happen to find old timey boating stuff fascinating, books, designs, magazine articles, all presented in the format and language vernacular of their eras. Illustrations from pre photo times especially attract me and we hope others amongst you. Those old engravings are often more evocative of their subjects than photos.

Articles about maritime museums, especially those at which ongoing hands-on activity takes place, provide additional looksees at bygone times in boating. Some of these come from those museums which trouble to share them with us, others from readers who have enjoyed what some have to offer. Our own personal interest in our local Essex Shipbuilding Museum gets us on a roll sometimes, resulting in our "Frame Up" pages or events like this issue's schooner racing coverage.

Museums... we continue to be on the lookout for a potential new home for our archives (now 39 binders) of back issues for that inevitable day when we cease publication. Our broad gauge overview of messing about in boats doesn't fit the usually narrower interests of any given maritime museum so we still dunno where it will land (except, if all else fails, in a dumpster).

It has been suggested to us to digitize all 39 years to date (only those years since about 2008, when we got our first iMAC, exist in digital format). That leaves about 600+ only as hard copies. The enormity of that task boggles, the cost of having it done is beyond consideration. They are a chronicle of small boat history over these years that we thought might be of some future interest, but as yet we have no solution.

And so, as we have said in the past, onward we go into another year. Hard to come up with some other occupation at 92, so we invite you all to come along with us on this continuing adventure chronicling "messing about in boats."

## On the Cover...

For this issue we have a great image from the Essex Shipbuilding Museum archives of serious fishing schooners racing back in the early 1920s. The Essex built 140' *Columbia* leads a rival in spectacular fashion. Designed and built for racing, these schooners first had to go to work at sea bringing home the fish. Built in 1923, *Columbia* raced that year against Nova Scotia's *Blue-nose* (see page 12). Only three years later on August 27, 1926, she disappeared at sea fishing off Nova Scotia's Sable Island with all her crew of 22.

On pages 8 and 9 in this issue we bring you our report on the 2021 Gloucester Schooner Festival Race in which appeared a modern replica *Columbia* (steel, not wood). She fishes for charters, however.

**Catching the Air**  
A freshening breeze  
lifts the top gallant  
and its sailor's heart

In a ghosting zephyr  
the sail whisperer  
coaxes the wind

A newly sewn sail  
catches the air in crispness  
like a tree in a Spring breeze

As her shapely lines curve below  
dressed above in white linen  
she sets off to sea

I trim a sun-bleached sail  
filling it with the breath of the day  
sea foam frothing in our wake

The chiming of masts  
as halyards clap in time  
sounding a marina's carillon

### It Was Good

And the Spirit of God moved upon the face  
of the waters. Genesis 1:2  
If you ever want to find God  
head to the nearest body of water  
on a balmy afternoon  
and you are apt to spy him  
far offshore on a small sailboat with one  
hand on the tiller and  
the other atop its coamings  
eyes gazing out upon forever  
following his Spirit as it moves  
across the open waters  
just as in those very first of days.

His son found he'd rather  
walk upon the water  
but God knows he has all the time  
in the world and then some  
to sail away to forever  
and all the eternal while  
to enjoy again the first  
few days of his creation  
before we came along  
an act he still often rue  
but can sometimes overlook  
when the water glistens  
of gold in the evening light  
of the setting sun so very much like  
that heavenly second of days.

### Bora Bora

Land was created to provide a place for  
boats to visit (Brooks Atkinson)  
If you sail to where the waters meet forever  
and on until time does not matter  
and only then imagine  
all that once might have been  
and but for all we are might yet be  
If you look beyond your memories  
and far past your dreams  
you may find a place where the sea rises  
from an empty abyss to ivory reefs  
and the soul can rest on dry land  
of once molten stone risen from the sea  
formed with the patience of time  
and dressed in soft folds of green  
a place at peace with itself

## At Sea Threads, Yarns, Musings and Verse

By Randy Cadenhead



We in our mindless ways  
might not have been meant to know  
the world of Cook's paradise  
Christian Fletcher's Damascus  
Bligh's place of reckoning  
and Paul Gauguin's palate  
or all who have known this as Eden

There lost clouds seek the comfort  
of that mass risen from the sea of time  
where fires from hell once formed  
dark land born of Vulcan's name

The thunder of the thirsty sea  
held barely at bay by a haunted reef  
pervades so fully it is passed hearing  
a forgotten reminder to those within  
of how fragile and challenged  
this small and sheltered land is  
from the distant waves of war  
and the ceaseless tides of time

Here only the weight of the sun  
weighs on the open arms of those  
who race proas upon the  
mirrored waters of its lagoon  
reflecting in a rainbow of blues  
the dreams and fears of all  
who can see forever upon entry  
into Eden's back door

Here perhaps in some sense  
life began and may yet once again  
if spared from an apocalypse  
of our mindless making  
to remain the nearest place to heaven  
and not a hell from our own misuse

### Recalling Creation

In the beginning there was  
darkness and the deep  
formless and void of all  
but its own presence and purpose  
filled with its own self  
alive with limitless being  
without ships to wake  
through its waves  
or shores to harbor puny men

Ageless as it is the sea still recalls  
those eons alone and the moment when  
the *Spirit* moved upon her face  
shadowed in the winds of today  
and sometimes she longs  
for that time before time  
when she first shared the horizon  
with the stars and the sky and  
before she was scarred by the land

Eye the firmament now and sense  
how the sea yet pines for the stars  
in the heavens above  
separated from its reach  
by a horizon always beyond touch  
ever wishing and forever longing  
for its time before time began

### The Winnowing Wind

Whenever I find myself growing grim  
about the mouth; whenever it is a damp, drizzly  
November in my so... I account it high time to  
get to sea as soon as I can. (Herman Melville).

The winnowing oar borne by Odysseus  
in the epilogue to his epic tale may well have  
been literature's first oxymoron, a fittingly  
Greek term for keenly foolish utterances,  
like so many words we use to describe the  
muddled state of life in times such as these in  
which the dull roar of a quiet storm engulfs  
the tense calm of a tragically comic life that  
passes for wisdom from fools, as in say this  
prose poem.

You must certainly know an oar when  
you see one, but you had to grow up poor  
to recognize or perhaps even to have used a  
winnowing fan, which while having some-  
thing of the shape of an oar, is more a cross  
between a shovel and a pitchfork, though you  
may never have seen either of those as well.  
This fan was, and in places yet is, used to toss  
grain in the wind to sift wheat from chaff that  
is carried away on the currents of the breeze.

Having defeated Troy, charmed and out-  
witted all the sea had to offer, and reclaimed  
Penelope, who inexplicably took Odysseus  
back, our hero had one last task. Because he had  
blinded Poseidon's one-eyed son, atonement to  
the god of the sea required that Odysseus carry  
an oar inland to a land that "knows nothing of  
the sea." When his burden was mistaken for a  
winnowing fan, he was then to plant it in the  
ground, claiming the space for the god he'd  
wronged and there to offer his penance.

There is something vaguely Biblical  
about an old man who is called to a new land,  
as there is to bad things done to a god's son;  
but to an aging sailor, whose adventures lie  
behind him, this story is even so much more.  
No longer able to wield an oar against the  
seas, Odysseus was bound to shore and left  
to winnow only old yarns from the air. Sepa-  
rated from the element that defined him,  
he had become the name he gave to escape  
the Cyclops, "Outis": Greek, as you should  
know, for "nobody" spelled backwards.

Now such a tale says little and all too  
much about some imagined modern, ancient  
mariner washed ashore on ground that never  
pulses with the heartbeat of the waves or  
heaves with the breath of the tides. Worse  
than a fish out of water, he lives for his past  
without promise or purpose. The watch bell  
may toll the hours and days for others, but  
time for any modern Odysseus never abates  
the loss of waters once underfoot.

Homer may have been blind to Ody-  
seus' end, but he never shared what must  
have been Outis' later, less than heroic, end.  
Still I want to believe the wily one cheated

death one last time, and we may yet find him  
drifting on still, on a breeze when we cross  
the last bar and pass down the river Styx.

#### Sailing at Night

The closest we get  
to reaching the stars  
is to sail at night

Clouds scud the night sky  
white sails riding the wind  
across my dreams

The waters of time  
pass slowly on a night at sea  
phosphors pace in our wake

Stars fill the sky  
as I sail through the night  
never less alone

Waiting for the wind  
I watch for its paws to near  
as I lie in wait

Wake the wind and water  
weigh away your anchor  
and sail past the horizon

#### About the Author

I took up sailing at 15 and took to writing stories and poems not long after. I have sailed in and about much of the US and the Caribbean, as well as the waters of Australia, Tahiti and the Mediterranean.

I am the author of two books of humorous poetry, *The Funny Thing About a Poem*, *How Not to Write a Poem* and a look at Ebenezer Scrooge's last days, *A Christmas Carol Refrain*, all of which you can find on Amazon.

Now largely retired from practicing law, I can often be found sailing my *Spirit* only a short trip from Atlanta, Georgia.



## I Almost Didn't Go Sailing Today

### And Other Poems

By Ken Van Camp

#### I Almost Didn't Go Sailing Today

I almost didn't go sailing today.  
The sun was too hot,  
And the wind was light,  
And an insistent IRS 1040 was blocking  
my way

But I heard in my yard the whisper,  
the pleading,  
Of a halyard slap  
And a pennant flap,  
And a sail getting creased from being folded  
Too tight, instead needed sheeting.

So I rolled out *Bright Eyes* and put the  
hitch on,  
Loosened the chains  
But held tight the reins  
As off we went to Lake Nockamixon.

O crystalline waters! O gentle embrace!  
Cool water on skin  
Bringing blood from within,  
O how did we 'ere stay so long from  
this place?

We set full all cloth to catch a  
miserly breeze,  
With no destination,  
No schedule to meet,  
And an elderly mallard outpaced us  
with ease.

Round the point then easily canter,  
A meandering tour  
Of the opposite shore  
To the unsteady rhythm of a  
bullfrog's banter.

How measure the hours, whether surging  
or lulled,  
Of a boat and her rider  
And a feeling inside her,  
A fullness procrastination foretold?

We almost didn't go sailing today.  
Almost missed the gentle laughter  
Of what the egret had sought after,  
Almost missed the wispy clouds  
Drifting slowly past our shrouds,

But we didn't, instead my *Bright Eyes* had  
the final say.



#### Unlimited

Driving car o'er asphalt ribbon  
Time is marked by crossings and towns.  
Check the traffic, watch for construction,  
Miles click by, exits count down.

Sailing across the cerulean sea,  
Passing clouds, meandering sun.  
Distance is measured in waves and tacks.  
Each one crawls by, each mile hard won.

A meeting of the sun and sky  
Where different shades of blue may blend,  
It's hard to see where one begins  
And where the other one will end.

The car can go anywhere's a road,  
Not beyond, and not between.  
Given my druthers, I'd use a rudder.



#### Out Sailing On an Autumn Evening

Upon one shore the sun escapes me  
While on the other the moon overtakes me.  
The wind, in such a hurry this afternoon  
Has slowed to an amble in the  
autumn gloom.

So we carry on, my sailboat and me  
No real destination, just wandering free.  
A little bow chuckle, a little stern wake  
Propels me on to the shore of the lake.

Today I choose downwind, let the sails  
run free  
Stern to the tailwind, unapologetically.  
No need to follow the moon or the sun  
The course is my own, the race lost is won.





## The Wreck of the "Julie Plante" Poem by William Henry Drummond (1854–1907)



### *The Wreck of the Julie Plante* *A Legend of Lac St. Pierre*

ON wan dark night on Lac St. Pierre  
De win' she blow, blow, blow,  
An' de crew of de wood scow  
"Julie Plante"

Got scar't an' run below  
For de win' she blow lak hurricane  
Bimeby' she blow some more,  
An' de scow bus' up on Lac St. Pierre  
Wan arpent from de shore.

De captinne walk on de fronte deck,  
An' walk de hin' deck too  
He call de crew from up de hole  
He call de cook also.  
De cook she 's name was Rosie,  
She come from Montreal,  
Was chambre maid on lumber barge,  
On de Grande Lachine Canal.

De win' she blow from nor'-eas'-wes',  
De sout' win' she blow too,  
W'en Rosie cry "Mon cher captinne,  
Mon cher, w'at I shall do?"  
Den de Captinne t'row de big ankerre,  
But still the scow she dreef,  
De crew he can't pass on de shore,  
Becos' he los' hees skeef.

De night was dark la' wan black cat,  
De wave run high an' fas',  
W'en de captinne tak' de Rosie girl  
An' tie her to de mas'.  
Den he also tak' de life preserve,  
An' jomp off on de lak',  
An' say, "Good-bye, ma Rosie dear,  
I go drown for your sak'."

Nex' morning very early  
'Bout ha'f-pas' two—t'ree—four—  
De captinne—scow—an' de poor Kosie

Was corpses on de shore,  
For de win' she blow lak' hurricane  
Bimeby she blow some more,  
An' de scow bus' up on Lac St. Pierre,  
Wan arpent from de shore.

#### MORAL

Now all good wood scow sailor man  
Tak' warning by dat storm  
An' go an' marry some nice French girl  
An' leev on wan beeg farm.  
De win' can blow lak' hurricane  
An' s'pose she blow some more,  
You can't get drown on Lac St. Pierre  
So long you stay on shore.

### The Poetical Works of William Henry Drummond



WILLIAM HENRY DRUMMOND

*The Wreck of the Julie Plante* is a saga of a lumber scow that "break up on Lac St Pierre." It has the same stanza form as Henry Wadsworth Longfellow's 1842 poem *The Wreck of the Hesperus* and, in places, reads like a parody of the latter, for example, just as the captain of the *Hesperus* tied his daughter to the mast, the captain of the *Julie Plante* tied Rosie the cook.

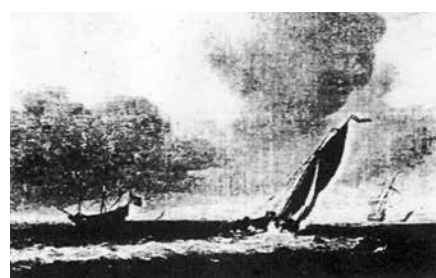
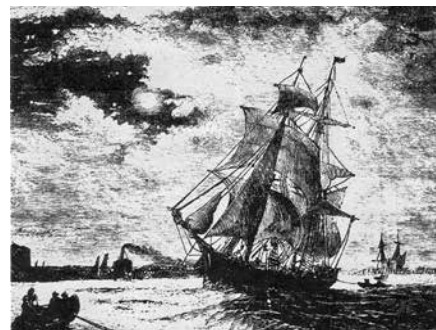
This poetic maritime saga comes to us from reader Garry Osborn who sent us Drummond's book, *The Poetical Works of William Henry Drummond*. Drummond's 1912 collection of his works (436 pages of them) contains several other poems sharing the seagoing experience which we will bring to you in upcoming issues.

## Three Signs Predicting a Storm

By Duncan Wright

"The bigger the halo, the nearer the wet."  
"When smoke descends, our nice weather ends."

Swells arriving ahead of an approaching storm "like dogs running before their master."



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## Boat & Ship Handling

### Navigating in Fog

Merwin Stone Thompson

*An Ancient Mariner Recollects (1966)*

The bridge on the *Choctaw* was near the stern, we couldn't see the bow due to the fog. We were in Lake Huron, heading for Detour Light at the mouth of the Soo River. Captain Brown had been on the bridge since midnight when the fog had come in. When I took the wheel at 6:20am, two members of the crew were fixing the pipe railing just in front of the pilot house. It was a short job and in about half an hour they gathered up their tools and waved goodbye.

Captain Brown came down off the bridge into the pilot house about 10:30. I noticed he looked deeply concerned. With his watch in his hand he checked the clock and checked the compass course, then he went back to the desk in the corner where the log book was kept and checked all the details. Then he came to the window nearest my right hand and opened it to listen for any whistles. With his watch still in his hand he said, "We haven't passed or met any boats all forenoon and this is a busy course. If I don't hear that Detour fog whistle in five minutes, I'm going to stop."

He walked out and up on the bridge and almost at once I heard engine room signals. The vibration ceased and we were just drifting. We gradually slowed down to just bare steerage way when the *Choctaw* shivered a little and we came to a dead stop. We were on the bottom!"

We took soundings all around the ship and found that we were on a sandy beach. When the fog lifted about noon we saw Detour Light a little over a mile to the left. The error had occurred during the last 60 miles, while I had been at the wheel.

The captain questioned me fairly and carefully. "Do you feel sure you did not have a more or less port or left constant error all the morning without equalizing it?"

"I'm sure I had the ability and I did not make that error this forenoon," I said. I will admit I was pretty much disturbed for I was not sure just how the captain felt about it.

After he left I started to close my front window when, in the left hand corner of the outside window sill I spied a big monkey wrench that the boys had left when they picked up their tools in the morning. I was excited. I called the second mate who was on watch and cautioned him not to touch the wrench but call the captain.

The captain came into the pilot house, took one look at the wrench, stationed the mate outside and asked him to move the wrench slowly along the sill to the right while he watched the compass, which was only 12" or 14" inches from the wrench. In a minute or so the captain said, "Here is the answer." He looked at me and said, "Young man, I'm very glad we found that wrench. This is surely a story for the book."

Away Aloft

Herman Melville Redburn

*His First Voyage; Being the Sailor-boy Confessions Reminiscences of the Son-of-a-Gentleman, in the Merchant Service (1849)*

It happened on the second night out of port, during the middle watch, when the sea was quite calm and the breeze was mild. The order was given to loose the main skysail, which is the fifth and highest sail from

## Stories

### From the Days of Sail

Submitted by Duncan Wright

Reprinted from *The Mainsheet*

Newsletter of the Delaware River

Chapter TSCA

the deck. It was a very small sail and from the forcastle looked no bigger than a cambric pocket handkerchief.

Now, when the order was passed to loose the skysail, an old Dutch sailor came up to me and said, "Buttons, my boy, it's high time you be doing something, and it's boy's business, Buttons, to loose de royals, and not old men's business, like me. Now, d'ye see dat leetle fellow way up dare, dare, just behind dem stars dare, well, tumble up, now Buttons, I say, and looze him, way you go, Buttons."

All the rest joining in, and seeming unanimous in the opinion, that it was high time for me to be stirring myself and doing boy's business, as they called it, I made no more ado but jumped into the rigging. Up I went, not daring to look down, but keeping my eyes glued, as it were, to the shrouds, as I ascended.

It was a long road up those stairs and I began to pant and breathe hard before I was halfway. But I kept at it until I got to the Jacob's Ladder, and they may well call it so for it took me almost into the clouds, and at last, to my own amazement, I found myself hanging on the skysail yard, holding on might and main to the mast and curling my feet round the rigging as if they were another pair of hands.

For a few moments I stood awe stricken and mute. I could not see far out upon the ocean, owing to the darkness of the night, and from my lofty perch the sea looked like a great black gulf, hemmed in all round by beetling black cliffs. I seemed all alone, treading the midnight clouds, and every second expected to find myself falling falling, as I felt when a nightmare has been on me.

I could but just perceive the ship below me, like a long narrow plank in the water, and it did not seem to belong at all to the yard over which I was hanging. A gull, or some other sort of sea fowl, was flying around the truck over my head, within a few yards of my face, and it almost frightened me to hear it, it seemed so much like a spirit at such a lofty and solitary height.

Though there was a pretty smooth sea and little wind, yet at this extreme elevation the ships's motion was very great so that when the ship rolled one way, I felt something as a fly must feel, walking the ceiling, and when it rolled the other way I felt I was hanging along a slanting pine tree.

But presently I heard I distant hoarse noise from below and though I could not make out anything intelligible, I knew it was the mate hurrying me. So, in a nervous, trembling desperation, I went casting off the gaskets, or lines tying up the sail, and when all was ready, sung out as I had been told to, "hoist away!" And hoist they did, and me too along with the yard and sail for I had no time to get off, they were so unexpectedly quick about it. It seemed like magic, there I was, going higher and higher, the yard rising under me as if it were alive, and no soul in sight.

Without knowing it at the time, I was in a good deal of danger but it was so dark that I could not see well enough to be afraid, at

least on that account, though I felt frightened enough in a promiscuous way. I only held on hard and made good the saying of old sailors that the last person to fall overboard from the rigging is a landsman because he grips the ropes so fiercely, whereas old tars are sometimes less careful and sometimes pay the penalty.

After this feat, I got down rapidly to the deck (and later) the mate entertained good hopes of my becoming a rare mariner. In the fullness of his heart he ordered me to turn over the superintendence of the chicken coop to the Lancashire boy, which I did very willingly. After that I took care to show the utmost alacrity in running aloft which, by this time, became mere fun for me.

There was a wild delirium about it, a fine rushing of the blood about the heart and a glad thrilling and throbbing of the whole system to find myself at every pitch into the clouds of a stormy sky and hovering like a judgment angel between heaven and earth, both hands free with one foot in the rigging and one somewhere behind me in the air. The sail would fill out like a balloon, with a report like a small cannon, and then collapse into a small handful.

Yes, I was now as nimble as a monkey in the rigging and, at the cry of "tumble up there, my hearties and take in sail," I was among the first ground and lofty tumblers that sprang aloft at the word.

### Landing in Surf

Ridley McLean

*The Bluejacket's Manual (1905)*

Q. What is the most dangerous maneuver performed by ships' boats?

A. Landing in surf. This requires greater skill than any other work in an open boat, and a failure to land successfully so often involves loss of life that a novice should never attempt to steer a boat through surf to a beach. The skill necessary to make a successful landing through surf can only be gained by practical experience, which should first be gained as an oarsman and later as coxswain.

Q. Should it absolutely necessary to land through surf before you became an expert, what would you do?

A. Adopt the safest way, which is to back in, keep bow to the sea and every time a sea approaches, pull to meet it with a good headway, then back in as fast as possible after it passes.

Q. What is another fairly safe method of landing through surf?

A. By towing a heavy drag over the stern.

Q. What is the greatest danger to be avoided?

A. Broaching to. The force of the breaker drives the stern to one side until the boat gets broadside on, when it swamps and capsizes her. Rarely, though sometimes, a large sea gets under a boat and turns her end over end. In either case, the crew are spilled in the water and are frequently lost in the rocks and breakers.

Q. Suppose, on approaching from seaward, you saw a beach with but little surf visible, would landing be safe?

A. Probably not, surf, when viewed from seaward, is exceedingly deceptive and on an open seacoast any surf visible from a small boat to leeward is probably dangerous.

*Shoal Hope* is a novel of spirals and traps. Traps that turn in on themselves. Traps that overwhelm our ability to make decisions. We see fish traps ringing the shores of Cape Cod until a generation ago, but also the traps we've constructed for ourselves.

A spiral draws us in. It can be hard to escape. That's how traps work. How they take us in. Channel a momentum of our own making and use it against us. They keep fish circling until they can be harvested. They keep us turning and turning in on ourselves, perhaps until it's too late. This is why no single story dominates. This is why we go around and around again. A variety of stories. Together they make up a cautionary tale.

*Shoal Hope* implies hope, a shallow hope. A shoal is a shallow. It can also be a school. This double meaning was there for Archer and Gosnold. From a mariner's perspective a shallow is a danger. To the marine life it shelters, it is a haven. A shallow, but also a school. A shallow both dangerous and harboring. This place to Gosnold implied a school of fish. To us?

We look at fish here but that other, wider meaning of school is never far away. This place, this time, these stories are intended to school us. To be a school of hope. A school to show what hope might mean when we distinguish between hope and wishes, discovering the distance between fantasy and true possibility.

Sand slips between our fingers. So does time. And so we have seen the range of our possibilities, the quality of our hope, slip away across the intervening years. These stories took place at a pivotal moment we can only recognize in hindsight.

There's deep tragedy in this. We've lost a century. Lost countless lives in war and suffering, unspeakable horrors. We've also seen the final days of a healthy ecosystem reel under shocks as we have coalesced upon a course that has led directly to the present catastrophic collapse engulfing us. A collapse occurring in the blink of an eye, geologically speaking. Still, too slowly for us to fit into our everyday perceptions.

Here lies another layer of tragedy. A trap we circle as we wonder and worry and attempt to maintain that nothing has changed. That everything will go on as we've known it.

In the world of *Shoal Hope* we glimpse a baseline. Our world has not gone on from there as we expected. Already the changes have been profound. The scope of loss in this single century has been unprecedented. Not only within time scales we are accustomed to calling forever, but over the course of the entire natural history of the Earth.

These concepts are too vast to be understood, to be felt, embraced. Tracts on the subject have filled libraries without penetrating our resistance to their implications. What has had much more of an impact for me have been the little changes of great portent, the colors in a sunset drowned out by the brown smudge of an all pervasive smog, the contents of wrack and flotsam at the high tide line, changing from wood and cork to plastic and more plastic, the loss of life in a tide pool.

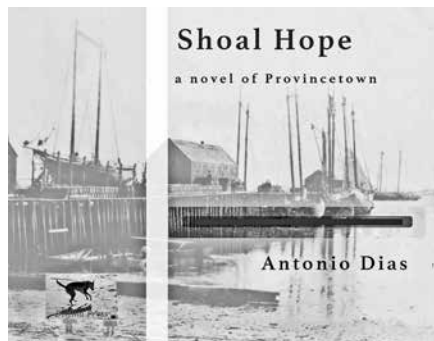
These pages are an attempt to make imaginative leaps from my own experiences. Take them back another generation to that time when there was still a choice to be made. When in hindsight we can see what was still to be lost and how easily it slipped through our fingers. Like fish in a trap, we let this happen to us. For the most part, with horrific excep-



## Book Reviews

### *Shoal Hope*

Introduction by Antonio Dias



tions, this was not out of malice. What happened happened while we thought we were doing something else, to paraphrase John Lennon. Sometimes this results in comedy, sometimes drama. What is left is tragedy.

The distance between us and this *Shoal Hope* is our tragedy. We think of tragedy as bad, inescapable. What makes it tragic, in our case inescapable, is not the result of the twists and turns of an imposed Fate. It grows from the collision of our desires with the most basic facts of nature. Everything comes to an end. It is inevitable that we arrive at our own end. This doesn't mean there cannot be joy or happiness or goodness in the meantime. This comes down to a choice we can make in how we live our lives, decide what has meaning, embrace our response to our predicament.

Facing the reality of our situation, in all its precarious danger and with all the personal and collective responsibility we share for having let it reach this point, is tragic. Maintaining a denial of its imminence as we experience increasing anxiety, approaching horror, in our paralysis as we are struck nevertheless by that which we wish we could avoid, compounds our tragedy.

There is dignity in making this confrontation. There is hope in doing so. None of this is easy but it is available as a choice. Choice makes our lives unique. Gives life its piquant value. We have a choice fish in their traps don't. Limited, imperfect... We are coming to it just when it might be too late... None of this diminishes it or renders it meaningless.

In hindsight, the germ of all that has transpired in the past century was there to be seen in 1912. Some saw the hints. Could it have been avoided? Perhaps in some other where and when it has. Or will be? For us? What matters is that from our vantage we can look at this moment and draw lessons and hope from how we perceive their time today, standing on this past century's shoulders. For good or ill, along with the damage, the atrocities

ties against man and nature these years have piled upon us, there have been perspectives eked from all the suffering that might bring meaning to us in the face of our own catastrophes.

As we individually struggle with forces and currents beyond our abilities to control, one lesson may be the simple act of witness. Witness is a positive response to tragedy in two ways. It proclaims that it is more worthy to look than to turn away. No matter how horrific the prospect. It also proposes that such witness is our only chance for amelioration. Its necessary precursor.

Brought up as we've been with expectations of heroes and happy endings, it's not surprising that we see these possibilities as shoal hopes indeed! Meager, thin reeds on which to lean in our trepidation. This does nothing to counter their validity or helpfulness. This simply reflects how far we've strayed from an active engagement with reality. How far we need to go to adjust our expectations to what is possible.

As desperate as we are to maintain our old habits. Those that brought us success or, at least, survival in the past. Now that we swim in this trap we have no choice but to adapt or to be extinguished.

Can we learn from this school? Can we forge a meaningful hope for ourselves from its turns and spirals of danger and haven?

### *Splicing Modern Ropes* *A Practical Handbook*

By Jan-Willem Polman

Adlard Coles Nautical 2016 – \$30

ISBN #978-1-4729-2320-2

Reviewed by C. Henry Depew

Many years ago, when I was in the Boy Scouts, I learned to tie knots, hitches, bends and splice three strand line. Much has changed in cordage since then and the new lines found on a boat are handled differently, each in its own way. This book covers these new lines and how to splice them in a readable and understandable manner. The step by step drawings are excellent.

The first three chapters explain the types of synthetic line available, their advantages and disadvantages and the tools needed to splice the material. Chapter 4 explains splicing techniques and core materials. The author explains (with clear illustrations) how to do an eye splice on standard twisted rope, polyester and dyneema. Also included is how to build a dyneema shackle, tapering, thickening and whipping the synthetic line. The information on making and using a soft needle is of interest.

The appendices include information on comparing synthetic line in terms of diameter and breaking strength for sheets, halyards and mooring lines. The book has a very good index, a bibliography and a list of websites for more information on the lines discussed in the book. For those working (or planning to work) with synthetic line, this 176 page book is worth purchasing.

(Originally published in *The Ensign*, a publication of United States Power Squadrons, America's Boating Club)



## Race Day

There were 25 of us on Harold Burnham's pinky schooner *Ardelle* (I counted the house) as we approached a randomly shifting fleet of sailboats (and darting about small motorboats) off Gloucester's Eastern Point Light, outstanding amongst them the taller masts of the 22 schooners entered in this year's 37th Annual Schooner Race, highlight of America's oldest fishing port's three day Labor Day weekend Gloucester Schooner Festival. Somewhere amidst the shifting scene was the starting line for an out and back race along the shore towards Thatcher's twin lights with an ideal southwest 10-12mph sailing breeze offering a nice broad reach out and back.



*Ardelle* arrives to disembark her Parade of Sail passengers and pick us up for the race.

*Ardelle's* passengers were family and friends of Harold's, not her usual tourist customers. I was along as, what else, a journalist out for a story. A couple of years ago I went along on the pre race parade of sail around the harbor, but this year I wanted to experience the sailing race itself. It was an interesting experience. Like this start, for example. I know not of any other form of racing that the participants mill about behind the line awaiting the starting gun, at the last minute crowding up to get close to the line, often approaching it on different tacks.

It was a while before someone asked, "when do we start?" A knowledgeable person standing nearby replied, "we already have." Really? I had missed the gun somehow. Thus alerted, I then noted that we were now forming up in a line heading along the nearby coast towards the turning buoy about three miles away.

This out and back format was going to offer me a look at just about all the entrants from the big guys, 145' *Columbia* and 122' *Adventure*, down past our 58' *Ardelle* to the schooner rigged 32' Chebacco Boat *Lewis H. Story*. With the light sailing breeze, progress was steady if unspectacular, resembling a two lane road with opposing traffic streams. I'd get to see the boats already ahead of us at the start when they were on their way back and those behind us at the start when we were on our way back. Of course, some of the bigger boats, which did not get so good a start as did Harold, would sail on by us on our way out.



The spectacular 140' steel hulled replica *Columbia*.



The modest little traditionally built wooden Chebacco boat *Lewis H. Story*.

The range in size from 35' to 145' was roughly divided into Large, Medium and Small classes, a simplification the organizers had come up with to avoid technical arguments about class specifications. This was, after all, a "fun" race, a far cry from the long ago (1923-1938) International Fisherman's Races between Nova Scotia's and Gloucester's fastest fishing schooners in which no fun was on display, just a hard fought professional rivalry with international undertones that led to some serious racing on serious, purpose built racing fishing schooners (see page 12).

Now our race had settled down into a sort of parade. I saw that we were coupled with two others in our Medium Schooner Class, the 65' *Thomas E. Lannon* and the 45' *Alert*. Interesting to note was that the *Lannon* was Harold's first designed and built schooner about 20 years ago. Elsewhere in the fleet were two more of his boats, the *Fame* and the *Story*. Minor adjustments in spacing took place amongst we three and occasionally a bigger, faster late starter would sail on by. It was a while before the yellow turning buoy showed up ahead.



From the top: The *Lannon* bears down on us after rounding the turn, cutting in close as Brad Story (bottom left), grandson of the legendary Essex shipbuilder Arthur D. Story, socializes with a fellow passenger.

And the *Alert* follows *Lannon's* example.





Rounding the turn, at right *American Eagle* is halfway way around while *Lannon* is inside of *Alert* preparing to start their turns a bit wide.



*Lannon* leads *Alert* to the mark. Third boat further out in between is onlooker.

The *Columbia* and the *American Eagle* had long since passed us and were rounding the buoy, with the nearer *Lannon* and *Alert* setting up to do so. Harold was aiming to make his turn closer in than they were, the *Ardelle*'s pinky hull isn't the fastest hull afloat and indeed pulled a U turn tight to the buoy, getting under both the *Lannon* and *Alert*. Now we were clearly ahead of our nearest competitors.

It didn't last, both bore down on us as we slowly gathered way from that tight but slow turn and eased on by. Harold tucked in behind them and for the long run to the finish it was a threesome, until the *Adventure* appeared to our right on the far side of both the *Lannon* and *Alert*, with both of whom we were roughly abreast. As we now stood in awe watching, the

big black schooner swept across from right to left crossing close ahead of our group, headed for the very outside finish line marker just to our left. She shut down the breeze for both the *Lannon* and *Alert*, but *Ardelle* was outside her wind shadow and surged ahead of them at the last moment as they slowed. *Adventure* swept past our bow well ahead of us and turned sharply left outside the buoy. What's going on, here I wondered?

There was much laughter and other comments about the *Adventure*'s move amongst those knowledgeable about sail racing's ways. I later learned that her skipper may have mistakenly understood they were to take two turns around a finish line buoy and this was how she started to do so, choosing the outer buoy expecting it to be

less crowded with turning boats. At last look I saw she was sitting out there as we headed into the inner harbor.

It was about a three hour experience with little drama due to mellow conditions, with enough breeze to prevent a drifting contest and only occasional minor sail trimming looking for an extra boost and no tacking aside from around the turning buoy. We had a nice social time together and being both participants and onlookers was a plus. The presence of the *Columbia* (a steel hulled replica) and the *Adventure* (a restored wooden hulled original built in the 1920s) gave us a glimpse of how it might have been in those bygone races in which working fishermen tried to settle who had the fastest boat in the fishing fleet.



Left: *Adventure* (right rear) about to pass *Lannon* and sweep to her left across her bow towards the finish line marker.

Right: *Adventure* now well ahead of us heading for the marker.



## 2021 SCHOONER FESTIVAL RACE RESULTS

AWARD	1ST PLACE	TIME	2ND PLACE	TIME	3RD PLACE	TIME
1923 Columbia Trophy	Columbia	1:11:00	---	---	---	---
Esperanto Cup	American Eagle	1:26:00	Adventure	1:35:00	Roseway	1:40:00
Ned Cameron Cup	Tree of Life	1:16:00	Tyrone	1:22:00	Ardelle	1:36:00
Ned Cameron Cup M Class	When & If	1:10:00	---	---	---	---
Betty Ramsey Award	Calabash	1:29:00	Istar	1:31:00	Sycamore	1:31:12



GLOUCESTER  
**SCHOONER**  
FESTIVAL

**MARITIME**  
**GLOUCESTER**



## Gloucester's Adventure



### History

The schooner *Adventure* was designed by the famous marine architect Thomas McManus as a "knockabout" without a bowsprit for the safety of the crew. The schooner was built in 1926 in Essex, Massachusetts, by the John F. James and Son Shipyard. She measured 121.6' in length, 24.5' in breadth and 14' in depth. Her gross tonnage was 130 and her net tonnage 62. When built, she was powered by a 120hp engine turning a single screw.

### Fishing the Banks (1926-1953)

*Adventure* fished cod, haddock and halibut from Nantucket to Newfoundland along the Grand Banks of the North Atlantic. Carrying a sailing rig, Diesel engine and 14 dories, *Adventure* was an exceptionally fast and able vessel, the ultimate evolution of the fishing schooner. *Adventure* was a "highliner," the biggest moneymaker of all time, landing nearly \$4 million worth of cod and halibut during her fishing career. When retired in 1953, *Adventure* was the last American dory fishing trawler left on the Atlantic.

### Windjamming (1954-1988)

In 1954, *Adventure* was retired from fishing and converted into a windjammer for passenger cruising, including removing the engine, propeller and propeller shaft. *Adventure* carried passengers along the coast of Maine until 1988. Her grace, beauty and prowess as a sailing vessel earned her the nickname "Queen of the Windjammers."

### National Historic Landmark (1988-Present)

Captain Jim Sharp, who had owned *Adventure* since 1965, donated *Adventure* to the people of Gloucester, Massachusetts, by way of The Gloucester Adventure Inc, a 501(c)(3) nonprofit organization formed to be steward of this historic vessel. The organization's mission is threefold:

Restore and preserve *Adventure* in perpetuity.

Utilize *Adventure* as an educational resource with programming for maritime, environmental and cultural issues and Sail *Adventure* as a symbol of Gloucester's maritime heritage.

Fully restored and operational, *Adventure* will heighten awareness of Gloucester's role in the development of the American fishing industry, the fate of the thousands of men lost at sea and how a fleet of fast and able schooners defined a regional economy.

*Adventure* is fully restored to her original configuration as built in 1926 and has been certified by the US Coast Guard as a Small Passenger Vessel. The restoration work has incorporated features and modern safety equipment to meet the Coast Guard's requirements. Also subject to preservation restrictions, all of the work per-

## Meet the Fleet

From Websites of Vessels Featured

formed is in accordance with The Secretary of the Interior's Standards for Historic Vessel Preservation Projects.

A team of shipwrights has reconstructed the fo'c'sle, galley and captain's cabin based on extensive research, utilizing the resources of the Cape Ann Museum and other sources, including site visits to comparable historic schooners like the *Evelina M. Goulart* (Essex Ship Building Museum) and the *L.A. Dunton* (Mystic Seaport).

### Thomas E. Lannon



The *Thomas E. Lannon* was built in 1997 in Essex, Massachusetts, and is named for owner Tom Ellis' maternal grandfather who fished out of Gloucester from 1901-1943. She was designed by Capt Harold A. Burnham, whose family has been building boats in Essex since 1650. Her lines are based on those of the Gloucester fishing schooner *Nokomis*, designed by Capt George Melville McClain in 1903. Several changes were made by Capt Burnham.

She is framed with white oak and black locust from trees grown locally and donated by the Essex County Greenbelt Association and private landowners. She is held together with 2,000 black locust treenails (pronounced trunnels) and with silicon bronze fasteners. She is planked with white oak below the waterline, mahogany above the waterline, has white pine bulwarks and white oak rail caps.

The white spruce used for the original masts, gaffs and booms came from trees grown on Hog Island, Essex, that were donated by the Trustees of Reservations. The mainmast, foremast and bowsprit have since been replaced with new sticks that Tom made out of laminated Douglas fir. The gaffs and booms were replaced in 2011 with new ones made out of spruce.

The first trees to be used for the *Lannon* were felled in October 1996. She was launched a few minutes before midnight on June 21, 1997, and received her Coast Guard certification on July 18, 1997. She is licensed to carry 49 passengers.

Schooner Statistics:

Length on Deck: 64.5'

Length Overall: 90'

Beam: 18'

Main Top Mast Height: 73'

Fore Top Mast Height 70'

Tonnage: 48 tons

Displacement: 54 tons

Draft: 9'

## Ardelle



Over the last few years the shipbuilding industry in Essex, Massachusetts, has faced the worst slump since records were kept in 1860 and likely the worst since it started there in the early 17th century. In an attempt to keep the tradition alive as well as provide a more sustainable income for his family, Harold Burnham of Burnham Boat Building constructed the *Ardelle*, a 45 ton 49 passenger 58' "pinky" on his own account although he did not spend much on her.

The *Ardelle's* spars, rigging and systems were for the most part salvaged from another schooner and Harold milled the bulk of the timber for the vessel from trees donated to him by local arborists and tree companies. And so, not only is the *Ardelle* constructed almost entirely from recycled material but Harold was able to pick where many of the pieces of wood were going into the vessel from each log ensuring both the quality of timber used and that nothing would be wasted.

There was no paid labor on the project. Harold simply could not afford it and so, like neighbors helping neighbors to raise a barn, friends and family from all over volunteered their efforts to keep the shipbuilding tradition alive, help out someone in need, learn a bit and have a good time along the way. From the time the keel was laid on September 6, 2010, through her launching on July 9, 2011, and until she received her certification to carry passengers from the Coast Guard on September 2, 2011, a crew that averaged from three to five persons worked almost uninterruptedly.

Now (during the season May-October) the *Ardelle* sails out of Maritime Gloucester daily for public and private sails and also serves as the research and educational vessel for the center. With Capt Harold Burnham at the helm, the *Ardelle* is a true local treasure and plays a key role in the cultural tourism industry and joins three other Burnham built boats on the north shore of Massachusetts, the schooner *Thomas E. Lannon*, the 1812 privateer replica *Fame* of Salem and the Essex Shipbuilding Museum's Chebacco Boat *Lewis B. Story*.



## American Eagle A Schooner is Born



At the Launching June 2, 1930  
Gloucester, Massachusetts

"Standing at her bow, arms laden with flowers and grasping a bottle of something we used to see much of before Prohibition, Miss Rosalie Murphy, daughter of Captain Patrick Murphy, who will command the craft, smashed the bottle on the shoe of the schooner as she started..." (Gloucester Daily Times).

June 2, 1930: Launched as the *Andrew & Rosalie*, last fishing schooner built in Gloucester.

June 26, 1930: Leaves on her first fishing trip.

May 5, 1941: Renamed *American Eagle* by then owner Capt Ben Pine.

August 1983: Made last fishing trip.

October 1984: Made it to Rockland, Maine, for rebuilding.

1984-1986: Tied up at the North End Shipyard in 1984, 53 years of hard fishing really showed. From then until the spring of 1986, great efforts went into her reconstruction. The ingenuity and expertise of Captain Foss and five other schooner captains completed her restoration.

April 1986: Relaunched after complete rebuild.

June 1986: Sailed the coast of Maine.

July 1986: Participated in Parade of Sail, New York for Statue of Liberty rededication.

1991: Designated a National Historic Landmark.

1992: Participated in Sail Boston.

1994: Made first trip to Canada since her fishing days.

2000: Participated in Sail Boston and Opsail Maine.

2009: Participated in Sail Boston 2009.

2010: Carried on 25th season of windjamming.

2012: Completed 12th international cruise to Canada.

Today the *American Eagle* looks and feels like a new boat. Her fair lines, solid timber and tarred rigging are as they were three generations ago when she first went to work in the waters off New England. She was recently designated a National Historic Landmark, and is one of very few sailing vessels licensed for international voyages.

## When And If



When General (then colonel) George S. Patton commissioned one of America's greatest designers to conceive a boat to be built by F.F. Pendleton of Wiscasset, Maine, in 1939, he had the ultimate ambition in mind, "When the war is over, and if I live through it, Bea and I are going to sail her around the world."

The designer, John Alden, had made his name as a builder of elite racing schooners that retained all their beauty and style while constantly winning the premier ocean races of the time. *When And If* was a new idea, a yacht which would maintain all her classic beauty and hold her own in recreational racing whilst being sturdy, comfortable, safe and luxurious enough to take a family on the voyage of a lifetime.

Long after the General's untimely death in 1945 in an automobile accident in the US occupied Germany, *When And If* sails on. Maintained in impeccable condition, *When And If* remained in the Patton family until 1972 when the General's nephew, Neal Ayer, made a gift of the vessel to the Landmark School in Prides Crossing, Massachusetts, where she was the centrepiece of a sail training program for dyslexic students.

In a storm in November of 1990 *When And If's* mooring line broke and she was driven onto the rocks. Although the damage was extensive, the structural integrity of the ship was unaffected. At that time, *When And If* passed back into private ownership and over the course of the next three years she was painstakingly rebuilt. In June of 1994 she was relaunched.

Speaking on that occasion, renowned broadcast journalist Walter Cronkite praised both her wonderful strength as well as the great work of Shipwrights Gannon and Benjamin in Vineyard Haven, Massachusetts, the yard that brought her back to life. Spending the next 17 years cruising the coast of the US and occasionally racing in classic yacht regattas, the *When And If* turned heads wherever she went.

Early in 2012, Doug Hazlitt, well known in yachting circles for his complete restoration of another famous Alden schooner, *Malabar X*, purchased the *When And If* with plans to return the vessel to its original and Bristol condition. Following an extensive two year restoration *When and If* is back in all her glory.

*When And If* has a destiny to fulfill. For the first time in her life she has been put to work and is open to the public for a busy schedule of day sails, private charters, regattas and special events. Everything we do is part of a revenue building program designed to make it possible for her to sail around the world at last.

## Roseway



*Roseway*, 137' in sparred length, was designed as a fishing yacht by John James and built in 1925 in his family's shipyard in Essex, Massachusetts. She was commissioned by Harold Hathaway of Taunton, Massachusetts, and was named after an acquaintance of Hathaway's "who always got her way." Despite her limited fishing history, *Roseway* set a record of 74 swordfish caught in one day in 1934.

*Roseway* was built and maintained a high standard, using a special stand of white oak from Hathaway's property in Taunton. She had varnished rails and stanchions and had a winter shelter built for her every winter. She was so well maintained that the coal for the stove was washed before being stored in the bunker. This kind of treatment, which contributed to her longevity, was unheard of in the commercial fishing fleet.

On December 7, 1941, just prior to the attack on Pearl Harbor, the *Boston Globe* reported the purchase of *Roseway* by the Boston Pilots Association. The Pilots described *Roseway* as being fully capable of withstanding the battering of heavy seas and onslaughts of terrific gales that pilot boats maintaining the lonely vigil off Boston Harbor are called upon to meet. It was up to the Pilots and *Roseway* to guide ships through the minefields and anti submarine netting protecting the harbor during WWII.

She served the pilots well for 32 years and was the last pilot schooner in the United States when she was reluctantly retired in 1973, to be replaced by smaller steel powerboats.

In 1973 *Roseway* was bought by a group of Boston businessmen who rebuilt her below decks to meet Coast Guard passenger carrying requirements. In 1975 she was purchased by captains Jim Sharp and Orvil Young. They created accommodation for 36 passengers and joined the windjammer fleet. In 1977, *Roseway* and the *Adventure* starred in the television remake of the 1935 film, Rudyard Kipling's *Captains Courageous*, filmed in Camden.

After captains Young and Sharp sold her, she continued in the tourist industry in Camden until the late '90s when she was repossessed by the First National Bank of Damariscotta. In September 2002 the bank donated *Roseway* to the World Ocean School.

In the early morning hours of November 21, with a crew of two on board, she was towed to Boothbay Harbor where she was hauled out on the railway at Sample's Shipyard where she underwent a complete restoration.

After a two year restoration of the ship, the school embarked on her maiden voyage to the Great Lakes during the summer of 2005. This voyage was a trial for the ship as well as

an opportunity to build support and exposure for the developing World Ocean School.

In November of the same year, *Roseway* embarked on a passage to St Croix, USVI, where she spent the winter serving island students. St Croix has now become the new winter home port for *Roseway*. She still summers in the Northeast, primarily in Boston, providing education programs and day sails for the public.

After over 90 years of service she is one of only six original Grand Banks schooners still sailing. She is a registered US National Historic Landmark.

## Today's Replica *Columbia*



Built as a steel hulled exact replica of the original 1920s 141' wooden schooner, this replica *Columbia* combines history and tradition with modern shipbuilding technologies and luxurious comfort. With classic timeless lines of the yachts of a bygone era, she is impressively fast, reaching speeds of 17 knots under sail, and displays an unforgettable sight when underway, giving the feeling of stepping back in time.

When the original line drawings for *Columbia* were rediscovered decades later, it was fate that she be rebuilt, making her a one

of a kind head turner in every port she visits. Some changes were made to the original design with an engine room and staterooms added and built with a steel hull instead of the original wood.

An interior with elegant details and stunning woodwork complements her classic exterior, providing a comfortable, luxurious sailing yacht suitable for entertaining family and friends. There are accommodations for up to 12 guests in four cabins with accommodations for six crew members forward. *Columbia* is truly a work of passion.

Length: 141'02"

Builder: Eastern Shipbuilding Group

Built/Refit: 2014

## Last International Fishermen's Cup Race (1938)

In the autumn of 1938 the two most famous Grand Banks fishing schooners of them all, the *Bluenose* and the *Gertrude L. Thebaud*, came together once again in a series of races off Gloucester and Boston. The age of sail was over, very few salt bankers were still afloat, and those that did remain were old, tired and waterlogged, it was generally acknowledged that these would be the last races ever held for the International Fishermen's Trophy.



*Bluenose*

As it turned out, the series was laced with bitterness and controversy and in the end Angus Walters declared "the *Bluenose*, as long as I am Master, will never race again in the United States."

*Bluenose* was long past its prime and immediately upon arrival in Gloucester there were arguments regarding how much ballast it needed or should be allowed to carry. In the first encounter, on October 9, the schooner lost its foretopmast and *Thebaud* won by nearly three minutes.

In the next race, *Bluenose* came roaring back to show just why it was a legend, in spite of blowing the staysail in half, it crossed the finish line nearly 12 minutes ahead of *Thebaud*.

The third race was declared void, *Thebaud* won by a mile but it was a glassy sea and both vessels exceeded the time limit. *Bluenose* took the make up race on October 23 by six minutes and 39 seconds, lost the next race by five minutes and on October 26, in light winds and in spite of breaking the topsail halyard near the finish line, took the final race by less than three minutes. It had been a close thing but *Bluenose* sailed home to Lunenburg, the winner of three races out of five, and still the Queen of the North Atlantic Fishing Fleet.



*Gertrude L. Thebaud*

## Racing

The International Fisherman's Trophy was awarded to the fastest fishing schooner that worked in the North Atlantic deep sea fishing industry. The fastest schooner had to win two out of three races in order to claim the trophy. At the hands of her skipper, Ben Pine, *Columbia* came very close to reclaiming the Esperanto Cup (the trophy from the International Fishermen's Races) for the US in 1923, but no winner was named.

The International Fishermen's Trophy race was held off Halifax, Nova Scotia, in October 1923 and new rules were put in place preventing ships from passing marker buoys

## Behold the *Columbia*

The original *Columbia* was a gaff rigged topsail schooner of 140 tons built in Essex, Massachusetts, and launched on April 7, 1923. She was designed by W. Starling Burgess and built by Arthur Dana Storey. She was built to race the Canadian schooner *Bluenose*.

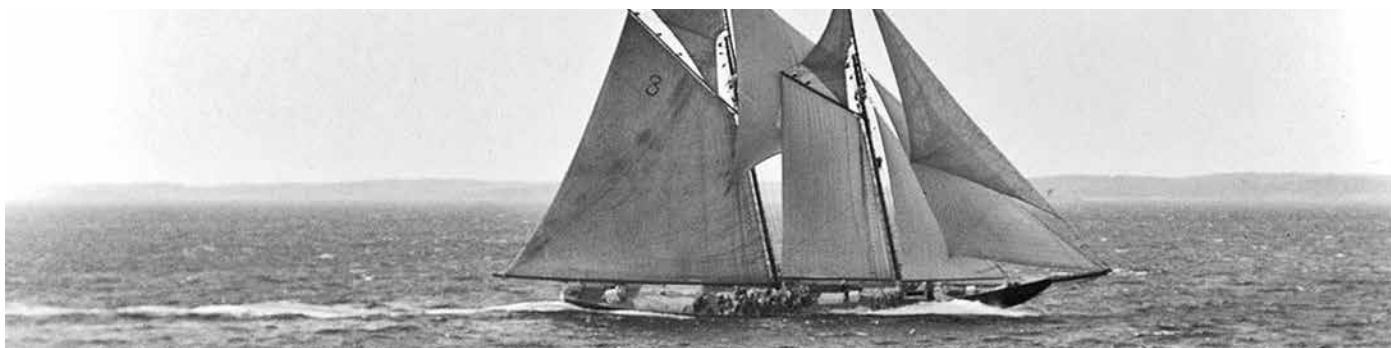
to landward. During the first race, the schooners dueled inshore, the rigging of the vessels coming together. However, *Bluenose* won the first race. During the second race, *Bluenose* broke the new rule and was declared to have lost the race.

Captain Angus Walters protested the decision and demanded that no vessel be declared winner. The judging committee rejected his protest, which led Walters to remove *Bluenose* from the competition. The committee declared the competition a tie and the two vessels shared the prize money and the title. The anger over the events led to an eight year hiatus in the race.

She won her trials in 1926 but never again took part in the finals.

## Disappearance

On August 26, 1927, while fishing, *Columbia* and her crew of 22 disappeared off Sable Island.



The Hudson River Sloop *Clearwater* is one of the most beloved tall ships in the nation. Plying the tidal waters of the grand Hudson estuary, she cruises from New York Harbor to Albany. Millions of people have watched her grand gaff rig sail up and down the river on her mission to “preserve and protect the Hudson River for the benefit of its ecosystem and human communities while creating new environmental leaders for a sustainable future.” Since her launching over 50 years ago, over half a million people have gone sailing on her broad wooden decks. Musician Pete Seeger, historian Vic Schwartz and others raised funds at festivals, potlucks and private donations to build her. The ship’s musical heritage thrives today with songs and instruments on every outing.

When I learned that I could be a volunteer Deckhand/Educator for a week on the sloop, I applied immediately. Celebrating tall ship sailing, folk music and the beautiful Hudson River, how better to spend a week’s vacation than on the ship? A long time member of the Hudson River Sloop *Clearwater* non profit, I had actually sailed on her for only two short outings at the annual Great Hudson River Revival festival in June. The two day music festival offers visitors sails on the *Clearwater* and other tall ships such as the *Mystic Whaler* and the *Woody Guthrie*. Every sail, no matter how short, invites passengers to lend the full time crew a hand in sail trimming, tiller handling, dragnet hauling and music making. The vessel takes school groups, members of environmental organizations and charter groups out for sightseeing and to learn about tall ship maintenance, navigation, the natural history of the Hudson River and its resident ecosystems.

My work schedule lightened in October so I took the first week of the month off and offered to volunteer then. A full time captain and crew of ten keep the ship safely afloat, but they need help to manage up to 50 guests per sail. *Clearwater*’s volunteer application form asks what skills we could bring to the many aspects of life on the vessel, tall ship seamanship, environmental expertise, musicianship or teaching experience. Applicants don’t have to be proficient in all areas and the full timers could probably run all programs as well without us “helpers.” But the ship’s crew cannot afford the time to train and support newcomers without any of the necessary skills.

After I sent in my online application, a *Clearwater* staffer called me for an interview. I seemed to have impressed them because I got notice that I was accepted for the week I wanted. I had to send in a small fee to cover the cost of my meals for the week and required that I read and sign a disclaimer agreeing to the terms of service. They also asked me to study the curriculum for when I would be teaching visitors. Instructions for what to bring and not to bring were clear and thorough, sleeping bag, one small bag or backpack with toiletries and weather appropriate clothing, nothing more. The ship provides a full stock of foul weather gear to lend as well as any necessary tools, hardware, rigging and other gear. The ship’s library also provides abundant reading material about wooden boat building and maintenance, seamanship, navigation, nature guides and Hudson River lore.

I made my way by train from Boston to an overnight AirBNB in New York City, then boarded a Metro-North Hudson River train to Tarrytown for my rendezvous with a *Clear-*

## A Week Aboard the Hudson River Sloop *Clearwater*

By Rob Gogan

*water* crew mate. The ship’s port of departure when I arrived on Saturday was revised several times. Weather developments, additions or revisions to the sailing schedule, crew needs and maintenance requirements can all influence the itinerary. The Hudson rail line makes any last minute changes in destination easy to accommodate as there are stations every few miles on the East Bank of the river. As the train pulled out of Grand Central Station heading north on that beautiful October morning, I felt a little of the same shipping out hopes and fears described by sailors, ancient and modern. Would I have the stamina in my mid 60s to keep up with the professional crew in their prime of life? Would my asthma kick up too much in the confined quarters below decks? Would the crew live up to the idyllic ethos of the *Clearwater* Festival, which exudes peace, justice and environmental well being?

I took a seat on the port side of the train out of the city, hoping for river views. As the train sped north we emerged from tunnels and scenery obstructing buildings near Yonkers. With the magnificent Hudson Palisades rising from the West Bank, the river broadened and became wilder. I was thrilled to see a bald eagle fly just over the water for a full minute, parallel and a bit slower than the train. Just before the Mario Cuomo Bridge (formerly called the Tappan Zee) I saw a tall wooden ship docked on the opposite shore, it could only be *Clearwater*, I thought. The sloop’s shore support car and driver were waiting at Tarrytown and we drove across the bridge to Piedmont Pier, where we stepped aboard the vessel.

Boarding the ship is not for the gimpy. In some docks and depending on the state of the tide, boarders must step up or down several feet or even leap a gap of 4’ to get aboard. At West Point, site of the biggest dock gap, another senior citizen volunteer and I had to crawl unceremoniously from pier to ship rail to deck, hugging pilings and docking lines like landlubbers. I never felt unsafe boarding but I did feel old and clumsy compared with the schooner trained young crew, jumping about so nimbly and confidently.

The sail plan for the first day, Saturday, was to transit to Beacon. *Clearwater*’s summer home and berth is at a dock shared by a ferry line taking commuters to and from New York City. While there were other volunteers scheduled to join me on the ship later in the week, I was the only Saturday arrival. Since the others had been trained on previous service trips, I had the luxury of private lessons for all my sessions. Training both volunteers and standing crew is extremely important to *Clearwater*, not only for safety but also to ensure that everyone affiliated with the vessel’s educational programs conveys accurate information in a manner consistent with the founders’ values.

Part of the curriculum is about the ship, gaff rigged, centerboard sloop, 106’ long overall, 8’ draft with centerboard down, 25’ beam, 4,305sf sail area. The Harvey Gamage Shipyard of South Bristol, Maine, built the ship on the lines of the old Hudson River

sloops that plied the navigable waters of the river from New York City to Albany starting in the 18th century, launching her in 1969.



*Clearwater*’s mast, rigging, decks and bell demand daily attention from the crew.

The curriculum is science based, the first shipboard classroom in the nation. The organization “strives to support growing grassroots efforts and provide educational experiences to all people, especially youth of various ethnicities, economic and cultural backgrounds, to help new generations of environmental stewards.” The crew works daily to affirm these values in thought, word and deed.



Education Coordinator Pete Kirby-Miller shows cloth herring, used to show visitors an example of the anadromous fish that breed in the Hudson.

The full time crew mates on the *Clearwater* are mostly in their 20s with one precocious home schooled teenager. Nearly all of them had spent time on tall ships. They were proud of the sturdy razor sharp knives they slung on their belts and most also carried a marlin-spike. I toted my Leatherman multi tool but don’t recall having to use it. Most of the crew mates were willing and able to climb aloft to

the top of the mast, though only the engineer needed to go there in the course of my week to check on some running lights. The crew spent idle moments and mealtimes comparing their experiences aboard tall ships, including the *Pride of Baltimore*, *Roseway* of Boston and Saint Croix, *Mystic Whaler* of Connecticut, *Picton Castle* of Nova Scotia, *US Brig Niagara* of Erie, Pennsylvania, and *Shenandoah* of Vineyard Haven.

My training sessions fell into five categories, shipboard safety, ship chores, river ecology, climate change and natural history. I was glad that I had gotten acquainted with most of the many subjects from the website. Since I would be responsible to convey accurate information in an entertaining way, I tried hard to learn and retain my young guides' lessons. Each subject area has its own sturdy wooden box of instruments, teaching aids and reference materials. Like everything on the ship, the boxes have their proper place where they must be stowed among other gear in such a way that it won't obstruct access to anything else. The last part of my orientation was to sit in a circle on deck and learn about each mate's background, tall ship experience and preferred pronouns. Like many of us over 60, I struggled to learn and retain the accurate, often gender neutral term to call my mates since this was clearly important to them. Gender identity came up one morning when I noticed a new flag flying on the halyard. *Clearwater* carries over 100 flags, including every US state flag. When I asked, the Watch Leader on duty told me the flag I did not recognize was the Transgender Pride flag.

Safety and shipboard routines was the paramount subject and *Clearwater's* crew laid down several rules I had to learn. Despite getting a thorough orientation, capably and engagingly conveyed in private lessons during my training sessions, I made many mistakes in my week. Here is a list of the rules and how I broke them:

Repeat back orders. On a large vessel with ambient sounds of wind, waves and engines, the Captain and mates need to know their orders have been properly received. Among ourselves, too, deck hands need to inform each other when dividing up a task. "Chafe guarding the forward dock lines," would elicit the same sentence in response so the other mate would chafe guard the aft dock lines. Mates practice this rule to such an extent that they even echo the bell for mealtimes saying "Ding" aloud when it rings in case not all have heard it.

Sweep sole boards inward from the cracks, so that dirt and debris do not fall into the bilges. Inspecting below was an important duty of each watch, dirty bilge water could hide problems such as oil leaks.

Rinse brine off the steel hardware. Each morning the crew swabs the deck with brine soaked mops to pickle and protect it from freshwater decomposing fungi and microbes. But the salt water is corrosive to the steel fittings so it must be wiped away with fresh water. I didn't always do this after swabbing my section of the deck.

Swab elevated sections of the deck (e.g., cabin house) before quarterdeck. The swabbing operation also washes the deck. Doing a higher section second will drain dirty wash water onto the cleaned section.



Deckhand/Educator Lynora Stallsmith washes *Clearwater's* main deck using salty water from the brine barrel to pickle and preserve its structure.

Return dockside restroom key to its proper hook between sails. While there are sawdust bucket heads on *Clearwater*, the crew uses shore facilities when docked to prolong the need to dump buckets shoreside at wastewater treatment plants.

Return flashlight to its charging socket after nighttime use. Each cabin of *Clearwater* has a little flashlight just aft of the hatch. Along with the restroom key, I kept one of the lights in my pocket overnight. I could have compromised the comfort or safety of my crewmates because the flashlight was missing or, having sat out of its charger all night, undercharged.

Use crewmate's preferred pronoun. I used "her" when a mate had expressed a preference for "them."

Silence all devices during sleeping hours. In order to be ready to "heave to" on time in the morning, I set my phone alarm for 20 minutes before wake up time so I could have ample time to wash and dress for the day. With the berths separated only by curtains, my obnoxiously loud alarm was audible throughout the crew's quarters and I disturbed my crewmates.

Crew presses some apples donated by wellwishers into cider.



Convey the essential elements of each curriculum station when teaching. Overhearing my crewmates' lessons at some of the stations made me realize that my sessions were incomplete. Blessings to Amali, Education Director, who told me that the best teaching sessions were the ones where I taught the aspects of the subject I was most passionate about. I agree!

Last but not least, wait for all crewmates to have first helpings of a meal before taking a second helping. Because topsides tasks may prevent mates from coming to meals, the dining members of the crew must wait until everyone has come to the table for their first serving before taking second helpings. Forgetting this rule made me blush with shame when I realized my gluttony might prevent one of my late working mates from getting an adequate meal.

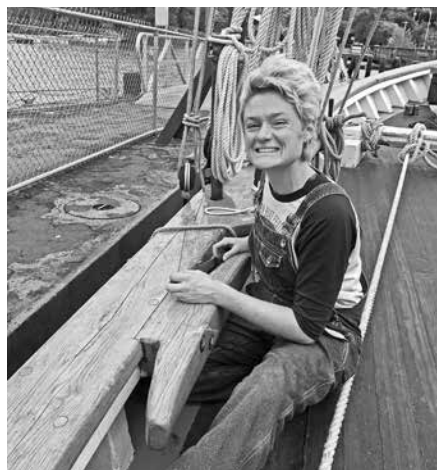
As a sailor of over 50 years' experience in New England, I knew the theory and practice of sailing very well. I also knew how to captain my own small boat and sail efficiently on my own. But I was aware before signing up that I had a lot to learn about tall ships, being part of a large crew and the new waters of the Hudson River. My principal trainer was a girl 15 years old. It was stunning to be corrected so many times by someone a fraction of my age. But the spirit was always instructive and I think the sting of my young crewmate's disapproval made the lessons more memorable.

I worked hard that October week. I had no trouble sleeping each night! The food prepared from scratch in the galley was excellent. Cuisine leans vegan and spicy. The cook was off during my week but a rotating cast of shipmates proved accommodating to our various nutritional needs and tastes. Meals were alcohol free. I had to skip my customary dinner drink for the week. I'm told any alcohol requires the captain's blessing. Not seeing any of my shipmates imbibe, I drank only water, tea or coffee, which is nearly always available all week.

After lunch or dinner each day the captain or first mate musters the crew for upcoming assignments for watches, cooking or cleanup. The captain names a crew member for each task, posting it on a whiteboard in the crew's quarters. This way if anyone needs to find a mate quickly at any hour, they know where to look. Each member of the crew has the opportunity to ask questions or make comments. I took the opportunity to tell them



how special I thought their work and ship were and that I had traveled over 200 miles for the opportunity to sail on her.



Second Mate Emma touches up port side cleat with a file.

While there are abundant windjammers and programs dedicated to tall ship training in New England, there are none so committed to social and environmental sustainability. I told them that the only other ship's crew as devoted to these values is the *Hokule'a* of Hawaii's, whose crew I had the pleasure to meet during their passage through New York and New England on their Malama Honua voyage in 2016. I told the crew to keep in mind the urgent mission they had so successfully taken on and how 500,000 visitors now have a better understanding of how they can be better stewards of the Hudson River Valley and our planet.

The week aboard *Clearwater* gave me many spectacular thrills I will never forget.

Taking the helm, grasping the fist carved 10' tiller off the 100' tall ship and feeling her slowly but grandly shift her course under my control. Thanks for the opportunity, Captain Althea!



*Clearwater's* massive tiller turns the 100 ton ship quite easily. What a thrill to take the helm!

Teaching students about the Hudson's history as a highway to transport people and heavy cargo better than land based roads, and then bringing students up on deck to see a Buchanan Marine tugboat pulling a south-bound string of nine barges hauling over 10,000 tons of stone from a quarry upstate. The river's deep draft shipping continues to this day!

Watching a diverse crew of West Point cadets giggle with joy as they worked together to "Two, six, heave! Two, six, heave!" raising the halyards of the 3,000lb mainsail.

Reporting for duty each day awake and washed and, by the end of the week, being able to perform all tasks adequately.

Meeting several people each day by land and sea who had sailed on or crewed for *Clearwater*, including the seaworthy cutter rigged *Wanderer* from Menemsha, Massachusetts. Anyone and everyone connected to *Clearwater* becomes part of an immense family of well wishers deeply appreciated throughout the Hudson River valley and beyond.

Sailing past Storm King Mountain in the spectacular Hudson River Highlands region just north of West Point, the subject of many landscape paintings of the Hudson River School. Here the crew catapulted a corn muffin towards the mountain with a slingshot as an offering. The early Dutch settlers claimed that unseen spirits of the mountain could cause dangerous changes to the weather unless placated.

In the year since my stay aboard *Clearwater* I have applied several lessons to my own boating enjoyment. I now keep a 5gal fish tank aboard for closer leisurely examination of hooked or netted sea life. A hydrometer for salinity measurement, casting net, microscope and pH test kit all get used nearly every boating weekend. Dishwashing and bilge water goes through a kitchen strainer before getting dumped overboard. This prevents food particles and other debris from

raising biotic oxygen demand in anchorage and marina waters. I have labeled lines as to function and stowed them in a dedicated rope locker rather than just jumbling them willy nilly into a sack.

My week aboard *Clearwater* was a good challenge for my aging body and rusty seamanship. I was relieved to meet my wife Frann at the dock on Friday and "stand easy" again. Every waking minute aboard there is work to do. Once off duty, the liberation was sweet. Still, the week was deeply gratifying. I hope to go back aboard to crew again post pandemic, especially since now I am trained. *Clearwater's* mission of education advocacy, music sharing and sustainability (social and environmental) is in perfect alignment with many of my most cherished values. My favorite moment of the week, which I have reviewed in my mind a hundred times, was when I left the sloop. Walking down the pier, I noticed the crew was working in the bowsprit net. Mani, the Bosun's Mate, climbed up the shrouds and rallied the rest of the crew to a cheer for me, which everyone on the Beacon, New York, waterfront must have heard, "Let's have three cheers for our wonderful volunteer, Rob!" I will never forget the crew's resounding salute as I waved my farewell.



In 1966, folk music legend and environmental activist Pete Seeger, in despair over the pollution of his beloved Hudson River, announced plans to "build a boat to save the river." Seeger, along with many other concerned individuals, believed that a majestic replica of the sloops that sailed the Hudson in the 18th and 19th centuries would bring people to the river where they could experience its beauty and be moved to preserve it.

Seeger and friends played dockside concerts up and down the river, passing the banjo case for donations to raise funds to build the sloop. As an awareness of Seeger's vision grew, so did the crowds. In 1969, the 106' sloop *Clearwater* was launched at Harvey Gamage shipyard in South Bristol, Maine. On her maiden voyage she sailed to South Street Seaport in New York City and then ultimately made her home on the Hudson River.

*Clearwater* created the blueprint for many other groups to follow, *Clearwater* was

the first environmental group to focus on an entire river and its ecosystem, the first wooden sailing ship with a mission to preserve and protect the environment and the first onboard environmental classroom accessible to children of all ages, races, backgrounds.

Today there are several boats and organizations around the world doing environmental work and educating people using *Clearwater's* hands on method of teaching. It all started with a desire to clean up a troubled Hudson River and a vision for an iconic ship and, through song and determination, *Clearwater* has made a remarkable impact in the environmental movement.



## Covid Surprise!

Ship's clock said it was 1930. Outside temps were ratcheting down. The rain was plinkitty plinking on the overhead from the grotto of cedar trees we have sometimes considered a home away. We're firmly moored, trailer 'n all, a hundred yards from the Granite Creek launch ramp. We'll launch in the morning and go someplace.

This is one of those unexpected voyages. Yesterday's trip ended on an unexpectedly sour note. One of our number might have, or might have not, exposed the rest of us to Covid. A total shock to him. The rest of us, too. Don't matter, Jamie and I are sequestering until we get some results back.

Our little rolling/floating home was still hooked up to *Big Red*. There was trip end stuff to clear away and renew and restock and so forth. But hey, when it comes to being ready to go, well, we wuz born ready. We're some kinda cozy, that's fershur! And, speaking of that wet stuff, only yesterday I was catterwaulin' about drought and low water levels.

It's September 17, 2021 and most think the season is more or less over. And that's a damn shame. We'll see if we can't put that to rights when the sun puts a pink glow on the south face of Chimney Rock.

Well, Day Two of this unexpected voyage dawned with a whimper and a continued clippitty splash from the cedars overhead.

We appeared to be stalled. Jamie hadn't even gone on his morning inspection trip. Me, hardly better. I did make a cuppa instant gruel. We did have that fancy stainless steel coffee squeezer over there behind the galley stove and plenty of coffee onboard but, somehow, that just seemed "too hard." This is what happens to some of us historically Type A behaviors when we ain't got a mission.



Well, I did check on Hotstuff's fuel tank. Got plenty. He was keeping our little cocoon at a pretty steady 15° above ambient. But here under the trees we still had the cabin lights on. Probably about as bright as it would get today. But every drop of rain will be met by all hands with enthusiasm and unbridled delight. Our lake and her surrounds need the wet stuff. I'd guess that if it rained right up until it started snowing it would still be a good thing.

Our discussion centered around a rather existential question, "If we actually opened the galley and actually made something for breakfast, would it then be necessary to call a halt to launching *Walkabout*?"

Well, we did eat and go and stayed awake for the transit uplake. We ended up in a little notch at the far end of the "day use only" beach, although I really didn't have a clue what sort of cosmic balance would be upset if we continued on to "use" this little patch of sand after sunset. It was way beyond lonely out this way.

## The View from Almost Canada by Dan Rogers

### Dan's Back

Dan Rogers here. A whizbang computer tech managed to retrieve my old address book for me and I am reaching out to you again. After a year or more I am returning to my "old method" of corresponding to see if anybody is interested in the stories and observations I used to produce on a near daily basis. Assuming you might be, here's a kick-off from way back when.



We did pass a couple three fast movers skeedaddling from the Rich Guy Houses to what appeared to be an end of season haul out. It was raining and starting to blow from the south and those guys were hunkered down behind their windshields getting precious little shelter from their rollbars and mondo speaker pods. Although the entire mission behind our trip was to be lonely, we would certainly have liked some sorta sociable company.

Speaking of the purpose of this trip (sequestration from a possible Covid contact), it was getting on time for me to wash up and swab up and peer expectantly into that tiny reagent bottle. This home Covid test kit was very insistent that we had to wait exactly ten minutes and then read it immediately.



Probably not many of these get used in places like this. And I hoped it doesn't come up with too much information. But, TA DAAAAAAAAA!

That thin blue line said, "You guys can go home if you want to," Well, hmnnnnnn,



I s'pose you had other stuff to do today.

## A Bit of a Side Trip...

I think we'd more or less decided to stand down from Covid alert and declare ourselves not infected. But we were also headed the "wrong way" to be working our way back to the launch ramp. Sometimes, that happens.

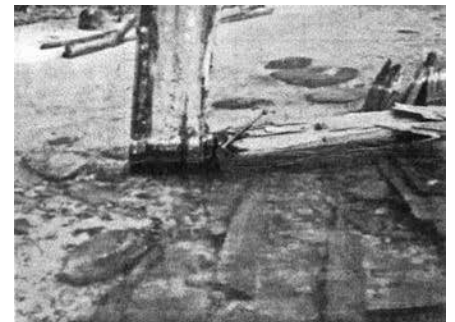
Our weather hadn't been anything like just a couple days before on a different lake. Rain, cold, windy and just completely deserted. Heck, it was barely into the third week of September. Guess everybody else was watching football. The notion was to hole up in Mosquito Bay at the campground. It's really the only reliable foul weather anchorage on this half of the lake and, all things considered, about the best hideyhole on the entire lake. Shallow gradient sand bottoms. Wind protected from almost any threat. It's also at the far end of things and, once there, we are more or less committed to a long slog against the prevailing southerly if we decide to leave.

Frankly, it was a little spooky. That huge campground with its long sandy beach and exceptional swimming area, bracketed by a couple new floating docks, was just completely bereft of people. Jamie and I were "it."

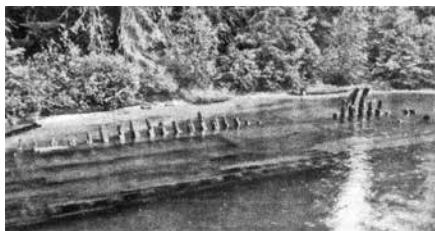


There's something else that was really spooky. I forget the exact date they stripped *Tyee*, the last steam log tug on the lake. I'm thinking it was '47 or '49. About then the immense log booms that were dragged from Camp Nine to Outlet Bay and then sent by the millions down Priest River in spring log drives had been supplanted by individual trucks. Legend has it they pulled all the valuable machinery and set her afire. Instead of disintegrating and sinking, she drifted ashore in Mosquito Bay and firmly lodged on the easternmost beach.

As a kid I climbed on the old hulk and remember still being able to read the name on the topsides. Now, after the ice of 70 odd winters and all the predations of people and weather, her bones are still there. That massive stem post still stands erect.



Most of the ribs are cut down to the water level. This is a boat built on site, with local materials, about 80 years ago. Large sections of planked deck are still intact. Some kinda cool and, yeah, a bit spooky.



Since we never really know if there will be a "next time," I ran *Walkabout* in close and took a collection of pictures. Bon chance, *Tyee*.



Then we flipped a coin and decided to slam our way back to Granite Creek. *Walkabout* is a real sweetheart when it comes time to head to windward. That sharp forefoot and flared topsides just slip right through the chop. And, that's what we done. Back to the ramp. Still raining, still cold, still deserted.



## Diamond Puddle

In the 13 trips around the sun we've called this area home, I have yet to spend a night anchored out on Diamond Puddle. On this evening Jamie the Seadog and I were just looking for a spot to go swimming and cool off from the new normal heat. Other than the open water of the west end of the lake, our anchorage here off the Scout Camp is really the only place where the shoreline isn't cheek by jowl with docks and Rich Guy Houses.

We came in here around 1800. The red sun poking a hole in the smoke from our new normal wildfires was still a couple of hours from dropping behind the hills. We just sort of wandered in and puttered on by the peninsula. There was a profusion of toonboats and wakeboats tied up in front of one of the larger RGHs where a party of some sort was get-



## The Last Thing

The last thing Kate said to me as I headed out the door and down to visit *Lady Bug* was, "Got'cher house chores done?" The last thing I said was, "Nope."

It's now a couple of hours later and I still don't have those chores done. But shazaam! It was a truly delightful hop out with *Miss Bug*. I suppose it's one of those 8-12-g-15 kinda days out there. I spent about half to three quarters of one of those hours replacing a switch that melted on my Boy Genius hard mounted electric drive module with another switch that will likely also melt. It was good enough to get us out of a narrow slip and away from a rather imposing stinkpot alongside.

I've been inventing and sailing ragboats almost continuously for the past 65 years, of course with rather uneven results, although it's been a pretty steady rise on the success ordinate vs the failure abyss over the total of that period. Every so often I start getting squeamish about "breaking stuff," normally stuff of my own shirt sleeve engineering. I suspect that's why I stopped putting *LB* in the water much at all several years ago. I just didn't think that standing rig would be OK in heavy air. I decided the rudder(s) of my own invention would not handle or quell the weather helm. Who knows?

Again, today, when I just held on with a "damn the torpedoes," grip on the tiller as that Hobie 14 full battened main started humming and the rudder took on a happy little vibration and the lee rail looked insouciantly at the water, well, all we did was ACCELERATE and continue to point right where we'd been lookin'. I stole a few quick glances at the wake. And yup, I could hear *Ms Bug* snicker and ask me, "What leeway, huh?"

ting underway. Jamie and I went ashore on a deserted piece of beach near the old Nature Lodge at the Scout Camp and then moved out to deeper water.

A country western band, or a really good recording of one, started up over at that RGH party. But they were some kinda good. For over three hours they banged out favorite after favorite. Everything from Waylon and Willie to John Denver to Garth to Jimmy Rodgers. Alan Jackson even. And George Strait, of course. The whole darn list.

But I managed to sit on the back porch for a couple of hours, literally cooling my heels at the foot soaking station to starboard and took in the free concert.

So a couple of firsts, a night anchored on Diamond Puddle and a free concert with unlimited foot soaks.



SAVING LIVES THEN. CHANGING LIVES NOW.

## HULL LIFESAVING MUSEUM

### Summer Rowing at HLSM The *Mighty Herring* Relaunch

The unmistakable taxicab yellow hull and bluebird hued rail of our coxed 4, *The Mighty Herring*, plied the waters of Boston Harbor this summer just past. Built during one of our summer boat building programs back in the 1990s, a winter's worth of work by a cadre of faithful volunteers has brought her back to her former glory.



### Adult Rowing Summer Season At Windmill Point Boathouse, Hull

Our Adult Rowing program was a fun, safe and healthy way to experience and explore Boston Harbor this summer. Warm summer evenings were especially joyous when we took time to pause and reflect as the sun set on our shores. This merry band of rowers came down Saturday mornings and gave it a try.



### And at our Boston Rowing Center Seaport Boston

City dwellers needed look no further than our downtown Boston location for the opportunity to be part of a growing legion of hearty rowers exploring the edges of the Boston waterfront. Adjacent to the Barking Crab in Boston's Seaport District was our city fleet of pilot gigs and coxed 4s offering all the pleasures of rowing without leaving the city.



## First AP Worlds on Pleasant Bay

Photos by Anita Winstanley Roark

Arey's Pond Boat Yard, located in South Orleans, Massachusetts, on Cape Cod hosted their first ever AP 14 Worlds event on Friday, August 20. Arey's Pond has been building their 14' catboats since 1972. With almost 300 produced to date, located all around the world, the AP 14 is a well known classic.

Winds were light to moderate for the new event. The regatta brought together 14' Arey's Pond catboats from as far away as downeast Maine and Keene, New Hampshire, to compete for the first Worlds' title. Catboats spanning the length of Arey's Pond's production history were in attendance. Notably, two of the oldest AP 14s still in existence (both built in 1973) raced against the newest AP 14 cat, *Lovely Lu*, launched in June 2021.

The Race Committee, consisting of Catherine Sawyer, Zach Ahern and Harrison Ellis, dealt with some light and shifting winds and were able to get five races off throughout the day. The first three finishers at the end of the day went home with awards and the first place team will also be recognized on a perpetual award.

Arey's Pond hopes that this event will lead to the recognition of the AP 14' Catboat as a US Sailing one-design class and many more AP 14 Worlds events will be held on Pleasant Bay.

- 1: Allison Coleman and Natalie Coleman-Fuller in *Alli Cat*
- 2: Mark Wiatrowski in *StormCat*
- 3: Tony Davis in *Crusher*

## Keep Me in Motion

By David Sherri

Lately, I have started to write memoirs. Some are shared on my Facebook page publicly while others are only shared with the people that were part of the memory.

In a way, many of my songs are memoirs. They convey the story and emotion of a time and place. The songs are not strictly autobiographical but many of them are pretty close and they all draw on personal experience to a certain degree. Anyone can enjoy the songs as they are but some of the songs hold a deeper meaning for myself and those friends who may recognize parts of the story.

I originally wrote this song simply about an old wooden boat. The inspiration came from a visit Sherri and I made to the tall ship the *USS Constellation* in Baltimore's Inner Harbor. As I read it over, the song is starting to sound like a metaphor of an old timer who has led an interesting life and, although he doesn't want to stop, has some fascinating stories to tell but... nobody is listening.

You can find the song videos on Facebook or YouTube, just look up David Sherri. There you will find a demo video with lyrics, a karaoke video with lyrics and a chord sheet video for musicians who want to learn the song. It's all free to use for your own personal enjoyment.

### Keep Me In Motion

I used to ply these waters, running spices  
and rum,

Like Ponce de Leon from the Ports of  
San Juan.

If you mess with my crew well you'll get  
what's common'.

When those pirates tried to catch us, we'd  
outrun their guns.

Then we'd comfort the maidens in these  
coastal towns,

Who long for a man who may never  
be found.

Just fill my sails and keep me in motion.

We can follow the trade winds w'ere  
their blown'.

Got an eye on the stars we know where  
we're goin'.

Let the wind fill my sails, keep me  
in motion.

Now I sit in the harbor with stories to share,  
Of high seas adventure but... nobody cares.

Just an old wooden boat that's seen  
better days,

But I can remember the wind and the waves.

At the city pier I'm just part of the view,  
Aww, but I've felt the touch of a mermaid  
or two.

There's dangers below that nobody knows.

There's dangers above when the strong  
wind blows.

There's evil afloat with no respect of the law.  
But there's an omen from Nemo looking out  
for us all.





# Paddlin' Summer 2021

By Bob McAuley

Last spring and early summer floods had finished depositing floating trash in the shoreline sweeper trees clogging Salt Creek's banks. I waited a couple of more days for the high water to calm down before launching my favorite wooden kayak into Salt Creek. I was solo and the usual water birds were nowhere around. It seems the high water had left it muddy to the dismay of the fish eating birds. The paddle upstream on this clear skies calm water day was invigorating. While skirting the shoreline I finally hear the first of the spring-time welcome notes of the red winged black-birds up from their winter homes down south. It was an "awk-reeee" high-pitched sound.

Their flock danced among the shoreline branches next to my kayak. After pausing to listen to their music, I was surprised when rounding the next bend in the creek. Standing ankle deep in the shoreline water was a full grown eight point buck deer in velvet, munching contentedly on overhanging maple tree leaves with seed clumps only 50' away. As I slowly paddled closer to him, he looked back at me but just kept eating his 10am breakfast.



I just glided closer and took my pictures and he still ignored me. Those maple clumps must be good eating! So as not to crowd him, I paddled past him at a safe distance from this man in a wooden kayak and then went on my way up the creek looking for those hard to photo wood ducks. I had chased them last year but couldn't get close enough for a good camera shot. Once again I spotted them paddling out from shore in their usual spring-time stopover spot. They, too, spotted me and flew upstream away and I pursued again. I eventually caught up to them a quarter mile upstream in the narrows next to the island and managed to get one shot of them before they flew again.



Retreating downstream I spotted a white 5gal empty plastic bucket jammed in a sweeper too far for me to snag and remove the ugly eyesore from the creek. I noted where it was and came back ashore on Earth

Day and removed it. We don't need more plastic in our waters. The deer was gone from his breakfast tree and I finally made it to "take out" exhausted

## A Paddle with Daughter Meagan

My daughter Meagan came to visit and wanted to hit the creek in kayaks again. I needed no further urging and promptly rolled both 9' and 13' wooden kayaks into my van. She enjoyed last summer's paddle and wanted to go again.

It was Sunday and parking was hard to find near the put-in but we lucked out, getting the only spot still open. We assembled the "Take-A-Part" kayaks on the bank. This time I gave her the 13' one as it's easier to paddle and glides better. I used the 9-footer.



The great blue heron eyed us as we paddled by its fishing waters. I was sure he was having a good morning feast as finally the water was crystal clear now that summer had arrived. Standing in the ankle deep water, he speared minnow after minnow and quickly raised his head gulping them down. Peering down into the shallow waters we could see dozens of minnows scurrying away from our kayaks across thousands of quarter size spent clam shells laying on the creek bed.

The buck deer was not around today but we did see some ducks and the cormorant was watching us from a dead tree. The weather was perfect summer and we just tuned in all those bird calls and even saw the turtles out sunning themselves on nearby logs. Meagan spotted that sneaky green heron hopping from branch to shoreline branch using the shadows to hide his fish spearing technique. He wouldn't pose for a picture though.

We attempted to paddle around the island but we were stopped by storm fallen trees blocking our passage. After turning back we spotted a foot long goldfish swimming by us. Somebody got rid of their pet I guess?

It was time to head back and, with a sharp eye on the creek bottom, Meagan spotted and scooped up a lime green golf ball for our collection. The trip back was easy with the current with us and an occasional wind at our backs. A cackling sound greeted us as the kingfisher came winging by us for his summer greeting. I was missing him. Now I'm sure it's summertime. He's back!



It was heartening to have a loyal paddling partner along once more. Hey Meagan, let's do it again in the fall. Love, POPS.

Keep on paddlin'...

## Sail on the Margaret Todd A Four Masted Schooner

By Greg Grundtisch

If you are ever in the Bar Harbor, Maine area be sure to sail on the stunningly beautiful schooner *Margaret Todd*. She sails out of Bar Harbor's gloriously scenic downtown waterfront. You will not be disappointed, not only because of her elegant photogenic qualities but because the Captain and crew make it a lot of fun. Is Bar Harbor the only place in the USA that a schooner with four masts is available to sail on? There hasn't been a four master built in well over 100 years while there are plenty of two masters. Well, Bar Harbor was the only location we found where we could take advantage of this very rare opportunity.

The *Margaret Todd* is 151' in length with a beam of 23'. Due to her length, beam and design she has a very gentle and easy motion. She was designed and is owned and operated by Captain Steven Pagels.

There are other sailing options as well at the *Margaret Todd* Dock if a more intimate sailing experience is desired. Captain Pagels and his crew operate the schooner *Delight* which carries a maximum of six guests for private hourly charter and the Friendship Sloop *Chrissy*, a converted lobster sloop available for private charter for six guests as well.

Additionally Captain Pagels and his crew operate charters for fishing or touring the coast and harbors and ferries to Cranbury Cove, Lubec to Eastport and Winter Harbor to Bar Harbor. For further details about the *Margaret Todd*, *Delight* and *Chrissy* go to [downeastwindjammer.com](http://downeastwindjammer.com).



*Margaret Todd* underway and at the dock.

*Chrissy*, built by Essex, Massachusetts, boat builder Harold Burnham.







## George Rows Across the Delaware

### The Boat Ride That Changed the Course of History

By Larry Wenger

Judging by today's warfare standards, who would have guessed that small boats would have played a critical role in the history of our developing and revolutionary nation. When we think about it, however, it should not surprise us that water and watercraft would have played a significant role in the conflict. After all, at the time roads by today's standards were non-existent or primitive. Waterways and watercraft, however, provided the most efficient venues for travel and commerce.

The troops of Gen George Washington had been run out of New York and across New Jersey. Washington was tired of retreating. Had it not been for some heroics by the Marbleheaders militia from Massachusetts, Washington's dream of an ultimate victory might have been put permanently on hold. It was the Marbleheaders and their boats who enabled Washington and his troops to escape from Brooklyn with the British in hot pursuit.

After Brooklyn, Washington was chased across New Jersey and ended up in Pennsylvania on the west shores of the Delaware River. It was during this combat "breather" that Washington developed his plan which would reverse his fortunes by a surprise attack on Trenton.

It was Christmas Eve, 1776, and Washington and his ragtag group of patriots were assembled on the west banks of the Delaware River on land now known as Bucks County, Pennsylvania. Five days earlier Washington had assembled his leaders for a discussion of what would turn out to be the biggest risk of his military career, the surprise attack on Hessian encampments in the city of Trenton, New Jersey, about six miles south and east of their present location. Make no mistake, this was risky business. His troops were unpaid, tired, not dressed for the weather or the task. Not only had they been pretty well beat up in New York but many were at the end of their tour of duty and, in all likelihood, were headed for home rather than continue to do battle. The troops were demoralized and George needed a win badly.

Other groups of revolutionary troops were assembled south of Trenton and the developing plan was to have Washington

attack from the north and the others from the south. As things turned out weather and other factors prevented troops on the south from enacting their plan and so, as a practical matter, Washington and his troops were on their own.

Many interesting things happened while Washington was planning and implementing his momentous surprise attack on the Hessian encampment in Trenton. I'll only mention two since the purpose of this article is to discuss the Durham boats which are particularly known for their role in the surprise attack.

First, even though the Durham boats are frequently depicted as playing a primary role, in actual fact there were many different kinds of boats which were used to cross the Delaware. Several weeks earlier Washington had ordered his lieutenants to go up and down the Delaware and basically confiscate all available craft which might be used in the historic crossing. So the final fleet profile was quite diverse and included a cable driven ferry, which was often used to cross the Delaware at the eventual point of crossing.

Secondly, there's the famous painting of Washington and his troops crossing the Delaware River with which many people are familiar. This painting is filled with historical inaccuracies. First of all, the painter was German, Emmanuel Leutze, who completed the painting some 50 years after the crossing. He was not particularly challenged by historical accuracy but rather wanted to challenge his own German people to greater acts of courage and patriotism as they had only recently been defeated by the Austrian army in a series of border skirmishes which came out of the Congress of Vienna in 1815. So it was Leutze's objective to portray Washington's courageous leadership and his determination to inspire his troops to greater heroism and to eventual freedom from the tyranny of the British crown. His main concern was to show Washington as a model of heroism to the German people.

#### What's a Durham Boat?

As I have already pointed out, the Durham boats were only one type of boat that that General Washington used on that fateful Christmas Eve. However, they did play a

primary role and they were frequently used on the Delaware for other commercial purposes beginning in the 1750s, southbound on the Delaware bringing iron ore, lumber and coal from the northern Pennsylvania counties to Philadelphia and northbound filled with the goodies from the rest of the world brought to the port of Philadelphia. In more recent years the Durham boats have been used in the annual reenactment of Washington's crossing held in December of each year sponsored by the Friends of Washington Crossing Historic Park.

#### Construction of a Durham Boat

Durham boats are flat bottomed and double ended. Beyond that, very little is known about the boats as they originally existed. Some feel that the design represents the influence of the Swedes who settled along the southern Delaware River on both the New Jersey and Pennsylvania sides.

Villages like Swedesboro, New Jersey, document the influence of northern Europe immigrants. A Durham boat was originally built with a massive bow and stern and a series of frames, probably oak, planked with sawn plank from whatever was available. The original Durham boats were built from memory, not from any plans, although plans are now available and have been used to construct several of the boats owned by the Park. These boats were shallow draft, 3"-5" empty and about 28" loaded. Durham boats were usually 40'-60' in length with a beam of 8'.

Sometimes a Durham boat would be built as long as 66' with the beam extended by a foot or two. They normally carried 15-18 tons downstream and two tons upstream. Their usual crew was three men, one of whom was the captain whose primary job was to keep the boat moving with or against the current. Durham boats in the 1700s often traveled in groups of a dozen or more so that crews could help each other as necessary.

At one time several hundred Durham boats were active on the Delaware River. Durham boats were also found on the Mohawk River and the Susquehanna. Use of the Durham boats for commercial activity declined in the early 1800s with the construction of the canals, where navigation was far

less challenging, two canals were especially notable, the Erie Canal and the Delaware and Raritan Canal, both of which are currently recreational waterways.

### Propelling a Durham Boat

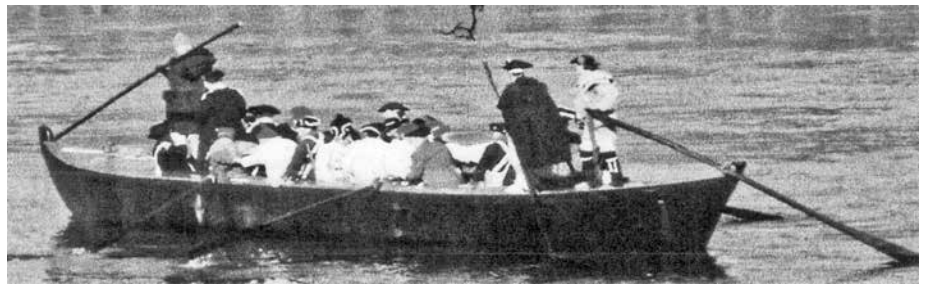
We normally envision that the Durham boats were rowed with long sweeps (18') but in fact they were also propelled by iron shod poles about 15' long and the boats were equipped with "walking boards" along each side which allowed the polemen to move the entire length of the boat as they searched for the best position to push off on the bottom. Going south, of course, the river's current was a primary propellant, the Delaware falls 125' from Easton, Pennsylvania to Philadelphia.

Navigating the Delaware was not, and is not, an easy task. In addition to the current and several series of rapids, there are several points at which the water depth is quite shallow, although some point out that 200 years ago there was more water depth throughout the Delaware than one finds today. Whatever, finding their way through the rapids and over the shallows necessitated a crew that were experienced at handling the Durham boats and were knowledgeable about local waters.

### Celebrating the Crossing and the Durham Boats

So the concept of celebrating the Durham boats and their role in America's evolution takes us to the current day. A volunteer group of area citizens called the Friends of Washington Crossing Historic Park plays a predominant role in keeping the boats and the events of 12/25/1776 fresh in everyone's mind. In addition, they advise the Commonwealth of Pennsylvania on the operation and development of the park, which has recently begun a multi million dollar upgrade.

But most dramatically there is the annual reenactment of the Crossing which



Re-enacting the Crossing in 2017 by Friends of Washington Crossing Historic Park.

takes place every December, weather permitting. The park currently owns five Durham boats of which two or three take part in each reenactment, ferrying 12-15 costumed reenactors across the river to New Jersey. Several of these events have had to be postponed or cancelled. This past year was cancelled due to the pandemic but in other years weather has proven to be an obstacle despite the fact that Washington's troops braved a viciously cold nor'easter to make the crossing.

Weather problems can include insufficient water depth or water which is above normal levels and excessive and dangerous flow rates which would risk safety of the reenactors and the general public. Flow rates and water levels are all maintained by the US Geological Survey in Trenton. For these crossings, the interested public lines the banks of the Delaware on the Pennsylvania and New Jersey sides of the river and also use the river bridge at Washington Crossing, Pennsylvania, as an observation pier from which to see the events. The New Jersey State Marine Police and area volunteer rescue squads provide a safety net just in case.

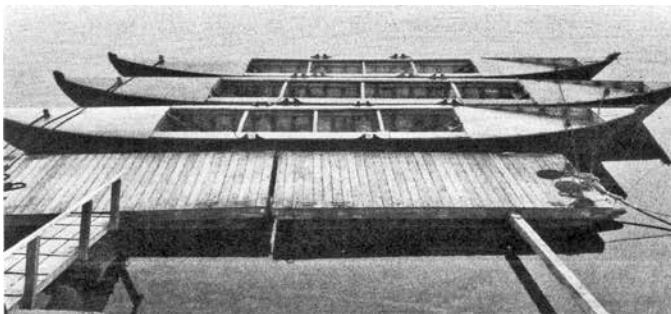
Paul Rollins of York, Maine, built the newest Durham boats, one 40' and one 44'. Each

boat took four to five months to build beginning in 1996. On each boat the stem is laminated fir, frames are white oak, the planks are cedar. Two additional boats owned by the Park were originally constructed in 1965 and 1976 by Johnson Brothers Boat Works in Pt Pleasant, New Jersey. Over the years Park employees who were interested and capable participated in boat restoration and maintenance.

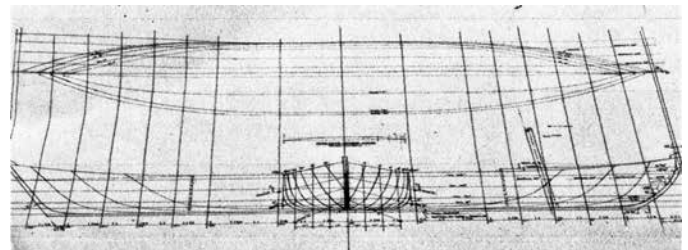
Thanks to everyone for their commitment to maintaining this part of American history and for their part in helping me with this article.

### Article References

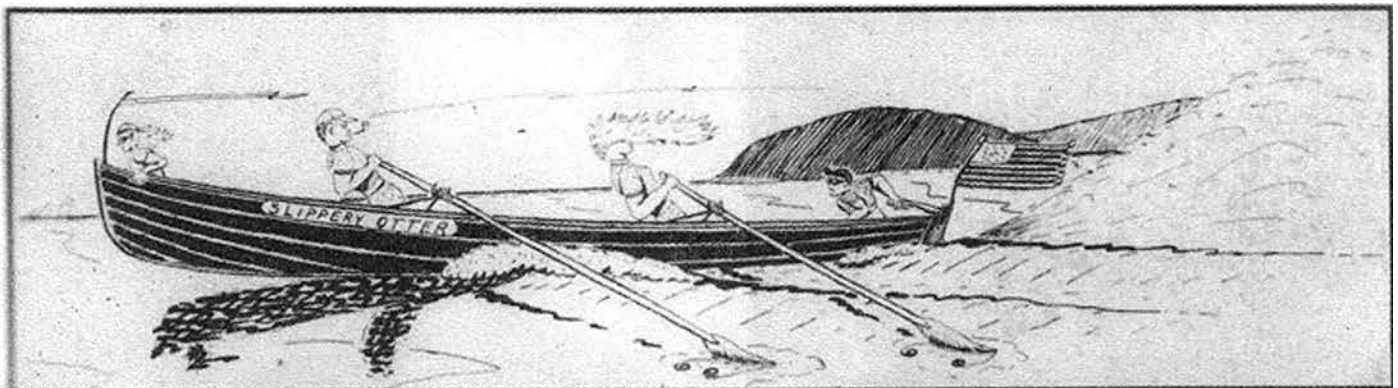
- Paul Rollins, boat builder, York, Maine
- Tom Duffy, Friends of Washington Crossing Historic Park
- Casey Jones, former employee, Washington Crossing Historic Park
- David Library of the American Revolution, Washington Crossing, Pennsylvania
- American Philosophical Society, Philadelphia, Pennsylvania
- Wikipedia
- Behind the Lines, The Durham Boat*, by Michael Robbins
- A Mini-Navy's Role in Revolutionary Success*, by Jeff Rowe (AP)
- 1776, by David McCullough



Three of the park's Durham boats, await passengers at their dock on the Delaware.



The lines of a current Durham Boat.



# Hannes Lindemann

by Christopher Cunningham

Editor: Small Boats Magazine

Taken from...

  
**SMALL BOATS**  
MAGAZINE

April 2021

Reprinted from *Dinghy Cruising*, Journal of the Dinghy Cruising Association UK

**I**N 1953, GERMAN-BORN HANNES LINDEMANN had just begun practicing medicine in Liberia and had in mind to settle into a comfortable life as a doctor, when he met Alain Bombard, a Frenchman and fellow physician, who had taken an interest in survival at sea.

In the fall of the previous year, October 19th to December 23rd, Bombard had sailed a 15ft/4.57m Zodiac inflatable 2,700 miles from the Canary Islands to Barbados. Hoping to address issues that had led to the poor survival rates of sailors who took to lifeboats during World War II, he intended to survive by living off what the sea provided and so took few provisions. He had a net to gather plankton for food and for drinking he had a press for extracting water from the flesh of fish. He'd mix it with seawater to extend it. Lindemann, doubting some of the claims made by Bombard following his voyage,

'...decided to use my own body to experience the problems of the shipwrecked; problems of nourishment, keeping the body healthy, avoiding the dangers of the sea, and, ultimately, keeping the mind healthy.'

Lindemann's first crossing of the Atlantic, made in 1955 in a 25ft/7.62m dugout canoe, took 65 days, and while he had worked out solutions to many of the physical challenges, he had not solved the mental difficulties: 'I had been in dire despair several times during the crossing. I had been on the verge of giving up, especially when I lost my rudder and the two sea-anchors. Consequently, I set out to prove that one can and must prepare mentally if one is to succeed in any extraordinary feat.'

The preparation for his experiment in survival included what he called Psycho-Hygiene Training to 'anchor auto-suggestions deep in the subconscious so that they would automatically come to assist in difficult situations.' For six months he did mental exercises, reciting to himself: "I'll make it. Keep going west. And never give up". Thus, my subconscious was prepared to withstand all enticements of a more comfortable life.'

(Right) Hannes Lindemann surveys the assortment of equipment to be loaded before setting off from Las Palmas in the Canary Islands on his second Atlantic crossing. This time he was in the 17ft Klepper AERIUS folding kayak. Note the inflatable float attached to a spare paddle as an outrigger, which was broken at the start by a pilot boat coming too close in choppy water to relay an officious order from the harbour master for him to return – which he ignored and continued on his way without the support of the float – until he'd mended it.

Photographed by Peter Stackpole

For a second crossing, Lindemann upped the ante by choosing an even smaller boat for the voyage – a Klepper AERIUS 17ft/ 5.18m folding kayak. 'I congratulated myself on having chosen a folding boat, for now I would be able to relive exactly the feelings of a lonely castaway; I would share his sufferings, his hope and despair. I would, in fact, have to contend with even greater discomfort than a person afloat in a life raft of a plane or a ship's lifeboat. By suffering to the utmost in the elements, I could test the durability of the human machine...'

Lindemann set out from the Canary Islands on October 20, 1956, in 'a mood of complete self-confidence'. With his two sails raised and an outrigger providing additional stability, he had gone only 3 miles when a pilot boat approached him and ran over the kayak's outrigger, breaking the paddle that supported the float. The long ordeal of preparing for the crossing had left him 'limp, tired, and depleted,' but his inner voice began repeating, 'I'll make it, I'll make it', and rather than head back to the harbor to deal with the setback, he set his bow to the west and continued.





Hannes in his folding kayak. Photographed by Howard Johnson

During his 72 days at sea in the cramped quarters of the kayak cockpit, Lindemann did indeed, 'suffer to the utmost'. Waves driven by a storm lasting several days capsized him twice. Both times he was rendered unconscious and only came to after he had surfaced. The first of those capsize happened at night and he had to wait for the morning light to right the hull. For nine hours he clung to the upturned kayak in the dark, all the while being hammered by waves as high as 27 feet. 'My spirit grew weak and seemed to want to leave my body, but...I'll Make It, and Never Give Up, broke through time and time again and enabled me to persist.'

On December 30, he reached St. Martin on the eastern edge of the Caribbean Sea, and stepped ashore

on unsteady legs and weighing 54 lbs less than when he had started. He spent the night in a hotel, and the next morning got back into the kayak—"Keep Going West"—to spend 50 hours sailing to St. Thomas in the U.S. Virgin Islands, where a group of his friends was waiting for him.

Lindemann wrote about his two Atlantic crossings in *Alone at Sea*, which was first published in 1958 and republished in 1993. I was the editor of *Sea Kayaker* magazine at the time the book's second volume was released, and I included a profile about Lindemann in the Fall 1993 issue. Shortly after that issue came out, I met Dr. Lindemann at a sea-kayak symposium in Port Townsend, Washington. He was 71, a tall, slender figure in a black jacket, with his hair turning silver around the temples. I had with me a copy of his book and the July 22, 1957 LIFE magazine with his picture on the cover, both given to me by Peter Schwierzke, a Klepper importer and a friend of Lindeman who encouraged him to republish *Alone at Sea*. I introduced myself, and he kindly signed both the book and magazine. My time with him was brief, as he was walking to one of the lecture halls to give a presentation.

In 1993, while speaking at the Sea-kayak Symposium in Port Townsend, Dr. Lindemann was holding that year's copy of the Fall issue of *Sea Kayaker*.

We had given that issue to the attenders, and in it was the profile of him.

#### Hannes Lindemann's solo sea voyages:

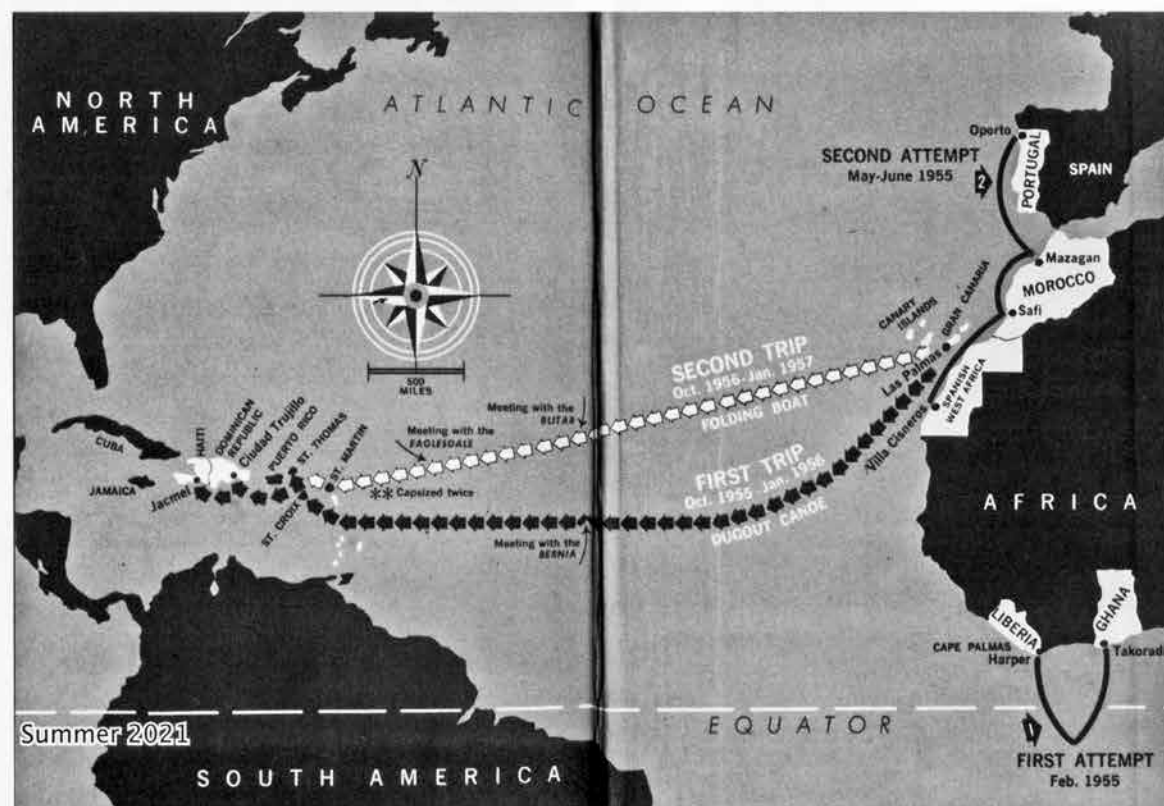
First attempt, February 1955

Second attempt, May-June, 1955

First trip, in Dugout Canoe, October 1955 – January 1956

Second trip, in Folding Boat, October 1956 – January 1957

Chart (below) taken from the end papers of the book, *Alone At Sea* by Hannes Lindemann, ©1958, published by Random House, INC., Madison Avenue, New York (see next page)



Summer 2021



Michael Collins, *Sea Kayaker's* publisher, was more fortunate. He and a dozen other kayakers attending the symposium sat with Lindemann in an impromptu gathering and asked him questions about his crossings. Sea-kayak symposium-goers are, as a rule, interested in equipment and techniques in the spirit of adventure, but he emphasized that neither of his crossings was a challenge simply for challenge's sake, but motivated by a drive to learn things that might help people survive, to save lives.

Michael had seen the LIFE article when he was a boy, and it was one of the influences that had led him to build part of his career around sea kayaking. He recalls that meeting Lindemann almost 30 years after reading the article, and being in the presence of a man he had idolized from a young age did not leave him with a sense of awe, but rather with a feeling of calmness. To a person, everyone in that fortunate symposium group expressed



the same feeling after meeting with Lindemann.

I spoke to Peter Schwierzke by phone recently about the time he spent with Lindemann. One of the first things he said when bringing up memories of his friend was, '...when I think about talking to Hannes it calms me down'. Years ago, while he was in Sacramento, California, working as an importer and distributor of Klepper kayaks, he had a few quotations from Lindemann posted in his office where they would be regular reminders. One was "Stress, eine selbst gewählte lebensform von leben oder leiden" (Stress, a self-chosen way of life or suffering).

"Hannes made a lifetime study of positive thinking," Peter recalls. Lindemann wrote books on the topic: *Autogenic Training* (1975) (based on the method he used to prepare for his second crossing), and two years later *Anti-Stress Program: This is how you cope with everyday life*.

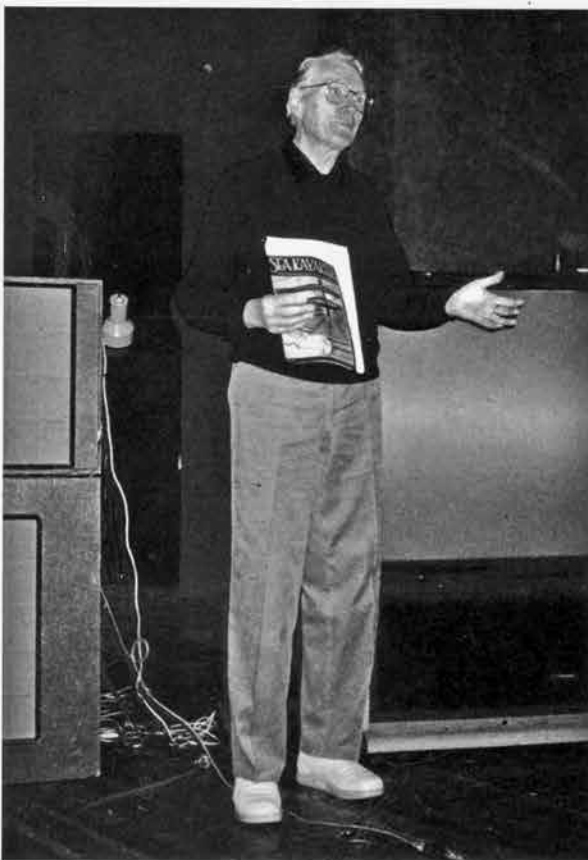
Dr. Lindemann was once asked what was the most important thing he had aboard the kayak during his Atlantic ordeal. He didn't hesitate to answer: 'Optimism'. It's a good piece of advice, whether you're crossing an ocean or just getting through your day.

Dr. Hannes Lindemann passed away on April 17, 2015 at the age of 92. The most recent edition of *Alone at Sea*, from Polner Verlag, is no longer in print but copies are available from the usual internet sources. The full text of the 1958 edition is online at The Internet Archive. CC

(Below) In 1993 Dr Lindemann talks about his adventures – but mainly about the importance of positive thinking. Note that he is holding the copy of *Sea Kayaking* which contained a profile of him, also given to all the attenders



Dr. Lindemann signed the copy of LIFE that Peter Schwierzke gave me: "Chris from Hannes Sept. 3 Port Townsend"





## Editor's Contribution, Keith Muscott

Chris Cunningham edits *Small Boats Magazine*, the online journal that has been a flourishing imprint of the American top-end paper magazine, *WoodenBoat*, since September 2014.

The 'Small Boats' in question are definitely our kind of boats. A good number of them are reviewed intelligently by experienced and talented sailors in each issue. The designs often come from around the world, not just the US. Chris's short sketch of SBM's ideal readership is, I think, perfect: '*Small Boats Magazine* is a monthly web-based magazine dedicated to owners and users of boats that can be stored and maintained by the boat enthusiast.' A precise, downbeat description that avoids being tiresomely prescriptive about which boats are acceptable or not.

SBM's mission statement is also encouraging:

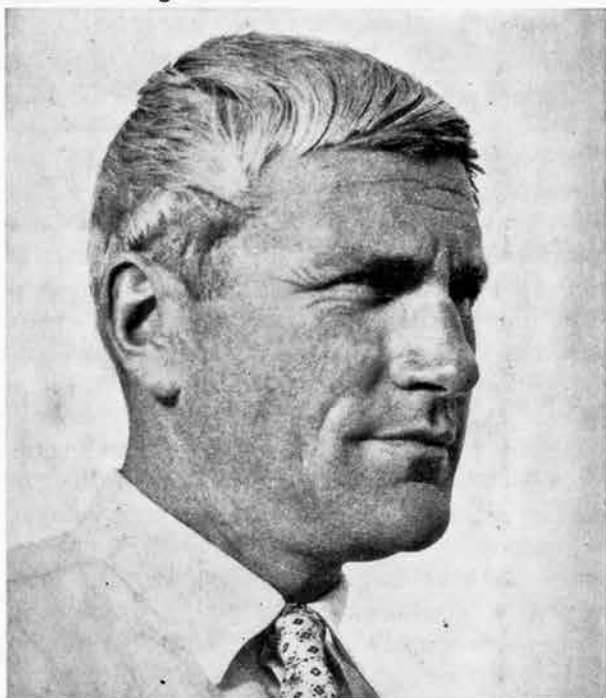
'Content is at the core of *Small Boats Magazine*. We deliver in-depth articles that inform, educate, and entertain every person interested in exploring small boats and the adventures that come with them.

Beyond that, we've created a tight-knit and devoted community of subscribers by encouraging them to interact with their peers and our staff. We do this by allowing comments on our articles and our social media posts.

We also organize social events and we offer a classified section for subscribers to buy and sell their boats or boating-related gear.'

As far as I can see, judging by my current subscription to *SBM*, they are achieving their aims – with distinction.

Dr Hannes Lindemann: the photograph below shows a contented man whose big adventure is over and enshrined within the pages of his book. He is engaged to be married and planning a circumnavigation with his bride – in a larger vessel...



had meant to write something on Hannes Lindemann, and then I read Chris's account, which has the unique flavour of a personal recollection of his meeting the man, so I just had to ask him if I could print it in *DC*

Lindemann's plans, as he admitted himself, were kickstarted by Alain Bombard and his survival experiments in the 15ft/4.5m Zodiac inflatable called *l'Hérétique*. (See next pages). He was raring to take on such a seemingly impossible but worthy challenge, and his suspicion of Bombard's claim that he had travelled without emergency supplies of water on board was the flame that ignited the touchpaper.

Like some other adventurous and intelligent young men who grew up in 1930s Europe, Hannes was rather a troubled soul. He led a quietly studious life to begin with, taking Latin, Greek and French in a Ratzeburg Gymnasium until he was drafted into the German infantry in 1940 and then wounded in Russia. After a discharge from the army he entered the University of Poznan, but was recalled to the Army Medical Corps in 1943, later to serve in hospitals on the Western Front. He was captured in Pilsen by the US Army and sent home in July, 1945.

In 1953 he went to Liberia as a plantation doctor for the American rubber company, Firestone. He worked there for two years before embarking on his first solo transat. He was impressed by Liberia as the only Black state in Africa to have escaped colonial rule; it was established by the American Colonisation Society at Cape Mesurado in 1821. The fact did not escape him that he was intending to sail to the Caribbean, where in 1791 Toussaint L'Ouverture had led a successful rebellion to take over old 'Hispaniola' (Haiti), which had been the gateway for Caribbean colonisation and home to sugar and coffee plantations worked by slaves.

*Alone at Sea* is an entertaining read as well as an important seafaring document. Hannes Lindemann writes in a clear, direct style with humorous undertones, as seen in this account of his asking local tribesmen to fell a big kapok tree for him and hollow it out:

'After studying the tree, they refused. So towering a giant, they claimed, must be the home of evil spirits, who would revenge themselves for the loss of their tree by taking a human life. I offered more money, but their fear of the spirits was greater than their love of money. I was almost prepared to fell the tree myself when I learned of a village whose inhabitants are professional woodcutters and whose evil spirits do not haunt treetops...one week later the kapok tree was felled and a thirty-six foot length cut from the trunk... while looking for a skilled carpenter who could finish the job I found Alfred. His first contribution was to write on the stern, 'This boat is sixty-four feet long'.

My houseboys were very much impressed by Alfred's erudition; I less so, for the boat measured only 36 feet. Alfred's carpentry proved no better than his mathematics, so I looked around for a replacement.'

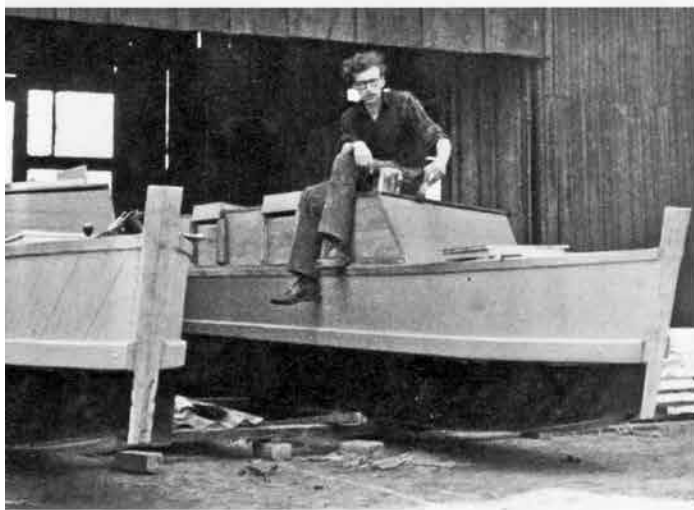
Eventually he bought a secondhand mahogany dug-out, 23.5 feet long with a beam of 29.9 inches (!). With the help of his houseboys he sheathed it with glass mat and polyester resin, made a keel over 11ft long, and ballasted it with 250lbs of lead. Buoyancy tanks were fitted. Even so, after the launching it kept capsizing, as the ballast was insufficient to balance the rig.

Three big sacks, brought along for just such an eventuality, were filled with sand and stowed on board. Her maiden trip was made under power with a 3hp outboard. The name he gave this replacement was *Liberia II*. The book cover on page 76 (*Alone at Sea*) shows this pirogue head-on. When he began writing about his two trips across the Atlantic, he revealed his poetic side. He felt at one with the nature that surrounded him. His descriptions of being circled by prowling sharks and other marine life mostly convey a sense of wonder more than anxiety, whereas Bombard's recollections show him prowling around the perimeter of his inflatable waving a speargun at sharks – and especially at swordfish.

One interesting group of friends that rallied around Hannes during the last days he spent in Las Palmas were also on the brink of justifying a theory of their own while sailing the Atlantic Ocean. The night before he left he slept on *Tangaroa*, the 'double canoe' owned by Jim, Jutta and Ruth. It was Ruth who woke him when it was time to catch the tide on the morning of October 20th, 1956. He tells his readers nothing about these friends, as they were unknown at the time and planning to establish their own reputations in the near future.

They were of course James Wharram, Jutta Schultze-Rohnhof and Ruth Merseburger, who had sailed Wharram's home-designed and built 'double-canoe' *Tangaroa* down to the Canaries on the way to crossing the Atlantic to Trinidad during 1955–1956 and become the first catamaran sailors in the modern world to traverse an ocean. *Tangaroa* was 23ft 6ins overall.

Later on, Jutta and James named their son 'Hannes'.



James Wharram completing *Tangaroa*, his first attempt at designing and building an ocean-crossing catamaran

Wharram was at odds with scholars and historians over whether the Polynesians had boats capable of being steered accurately on a course over hundreds of miles of ocean voyaging. He proved his conviction by doing it himself. He followed this first crossing by building a 40-foot V-hulled double canoe, *Rongo*, in Trinidad in 1957–58, with Bernard Moitessier's help. Then he sailed her across the North Atlantic in 1959 from New York to the Conwy estuary in North Wales. This was the first west-to-east crossing of the Atlantic by multihull. The story is told by Wharram in his 1969 book, *Two Girls Two Catamarans*.



*Rongo* was altogether a better-looking, more graceful and and capable successor to the boxy, flat-bottomed *Tangaroa*.

It is now over 60 years since *Rongo's* crossing, and James Wharram, now in his 90s, has celebrated by offering a box set of materials that includes self-build plans for *Rongo*, a 60-page history of her, a collection of articles and a signed copy of *Two Girls Two Catamarans*.

Wharram was originally inspired by Eric de Bisschop's book *The Voyage of the Kaimiloa*, and subsequently became a friend of the author. He writes in praise of de Bisschop on his website, <https://www.wharram.com>.

On the morning of the 25th, Hannes found a bottle of orange juice that Jim had hidden away in the 17ft Klepper. Later that day, while taking the noon position, he found a signed photograph of the three friends. Written along the top was, 'Dear Hannes, keep going west. Your friendship meant a lot to us', and from Ruth, 'Don't worry, you'll succeed.' He completed his second voyage with their good wishes ringing in his ears. KM

# Alain Bombard

Reprinted from *Dinghy Cruising*, Journal of the Dinghy Cruising Association UK

**B**OMBARD AND LINDEMANN HAD THE SAME AIM: how can I increase the chances of survival of those cast away at sea. They were both inspired by a report written by Prince Albert I of Monaco, founder of the Monaco Museum of Oceanography, which was submitted to the Paris Academy of Sciences in December, 1888. This paper asserted that survivors in ships' lifeboats or on rafts could last until help arrived if they had the right attitude and equipment.

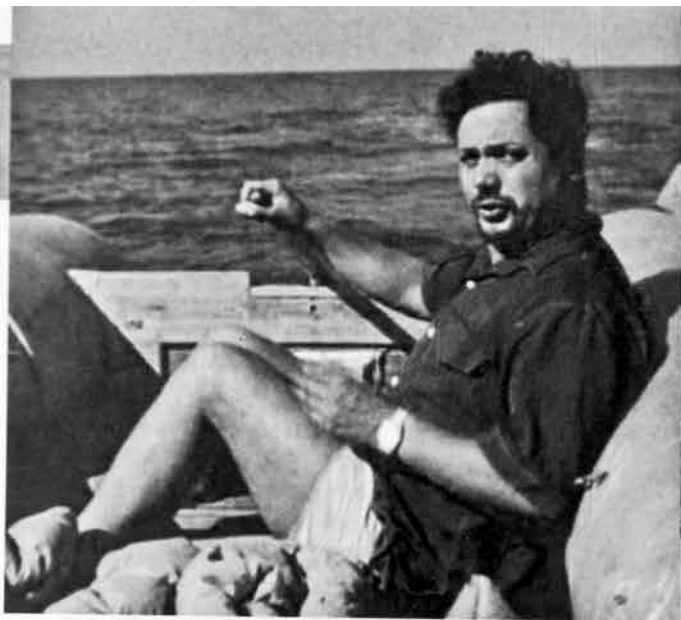
The equipment he suggested included fine mesh nets for scooping up plankton; several fishing lines of about 150 feet with wire casts, large hooks and artificial lures for big quarry like tunny; a small harpoon to spear little fish that congregate around flotsam; a larger harpoon to catch bigger fish that also investigate surface wreckage; and a number of short traces made up of feathered hooks for use on handlines.

Less clear-cut is the need for the right attitude – call it optimism or the will to live – which would suppress panic and encourage a determined and practical approach to surviving day by day.

This can be summed up more simply: the mind must never succumb before the body.



Cigar in hand, Bombard explains his theories



Alain Louis Bombard on the tiller of *L'Hérétique*

Alain Bombard was 27 when he assumed the role of guinea pig to test these ideas. He had never been a pale-faced academic, stuck in a lab or a classroom. He had the same kind of yearning for adventure as Lindemann, despite having a responsible job as house physician and heart specialist in a big hospital.

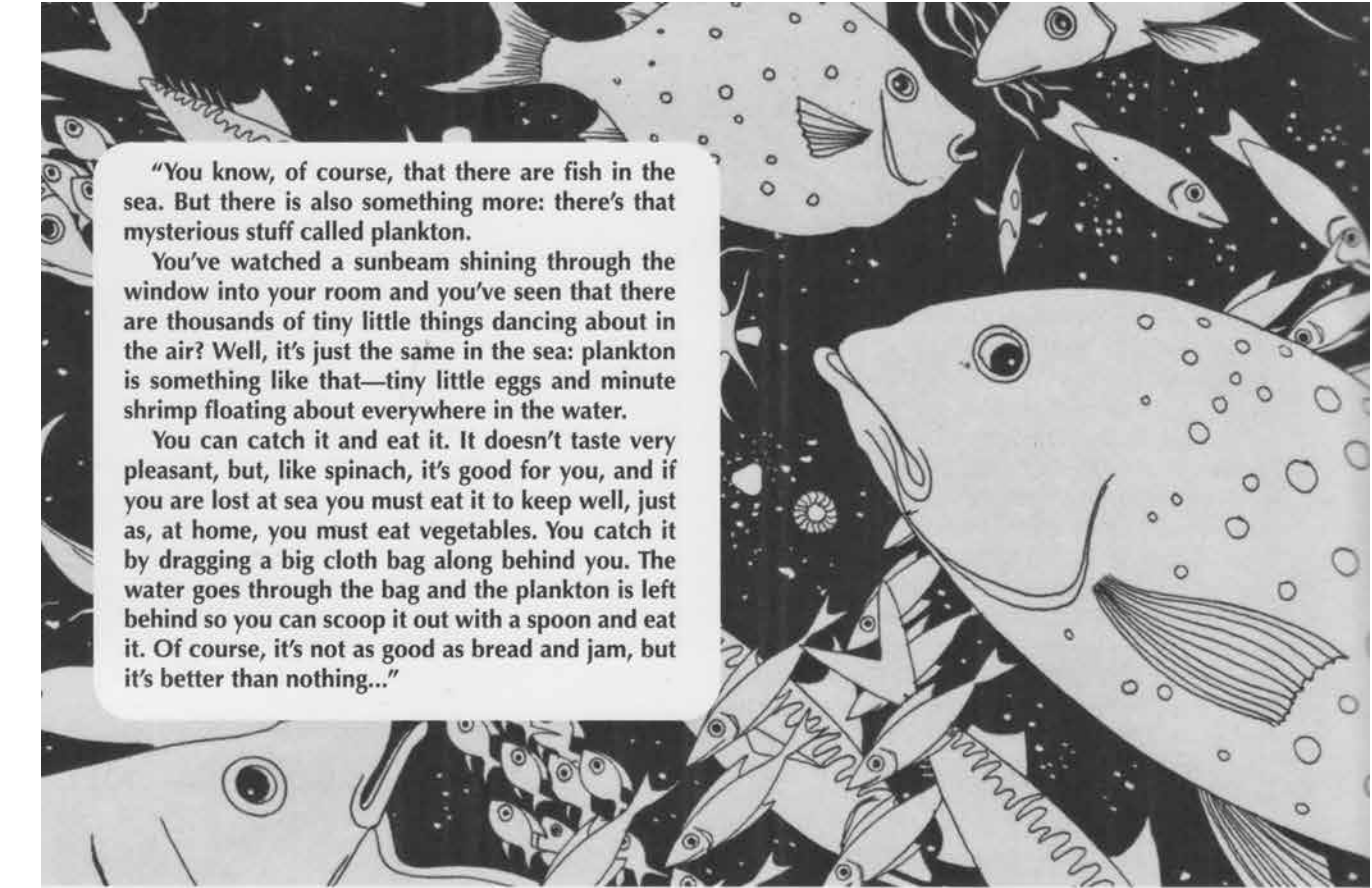
He habitually joined the annual attempts to swim the English Channel, and late in 1951 one of his rivals, Jean van Hemsbergen, suggested that they should go sailing in his inflatable rubber dinghy. These boats were just becoming popular in Bombard's time. So much so, that he felt the need to describe these novel vessels in his book: 'The floats were shaped like a horseshoe, the open end closed by a wooden sternboard.' Van Hemsbergen's *Hitch Hiker* was the forerunner, on a smaller scale, of *L'Hérétique*, the boat designed by the aviator Debroutelle and made by Zodiac for AB's big adventure.

They set out at four in the afternoon to test the outboard motor and decided on the spur of the moment to cross the Channel and visit Folkestone instead. They entered Folkestone Harbour at about eleven o'clock after a rough crossing. 'I had no passport, but the British authorities did not raise any difficulties.'

Very soon it was blowing half a gale out of the North Sea, and a quick sortie outside the Harbour convinced them to turn back. Conditions were no better at nine the following morning, but Bombard insisted on going: 'It was after all a lifeboat we were trying out, and survivors do not choose the weather in which to be shipwrecked. After several narrow escapes we reached the beach at Wissant at six o'clock in the evening. The dinghy had proved its worth.'

Obviously Bombard's interest in testing the inflatable showed that he had more in mind than a cross-Channel joy-ride, and now, as a non-sailor, he was convinced that this was the kind of boat for him. His flippant, daredevil attitude was balanced by his next step – applying to join the researchers at the Monaco Museum of Oceanography then getting down to a few months of hard work before setting sail in earnest on his mission.





"You know, of course, that there are fish in the sea. But there is also something more: there's that mysterious stuff called plankton.

You've watched a sunbeam shining through the window into your room and you've seen that there are thousands of tiny little things dancing about in the air? Well, it's just the same in the sea: plankton is something like that—tiny little eggs and minute shrimp floating about everywhere in the water.

You can catch it and eat it. It doesn't taste very pleasant, but, like spinach, it's good for you, and if you are lost at sea you must eat it to keep well, just as, at home, you must eat vegetables. You catch it by dragging a big cloth bag along behind you. The water goes through the bag and the plankton is left behind so you can scoop it out with a spoon and eat it. Of course, it's not as good as bread and jam, but it's better than nothing..."

**For an adult audience he wrote:**

"...during the morning we replaced the sea anchor with the plankton net, which not only performed the same function, but collected a supply of food, adequate in composition if not in quantity. In about an hour the net caught two full tablespoons of a sort of pap, by no means unpleasant to the taste and quite filling if not particularly appetising to look at. For the greater part it consisted of animal plankton, almost exclusively copepods, with a taste like crab or lobster purée, really quite a feast..."

**Hannes Lindemann's experience was a little different:**

"One night, as I watched the shimmering plankton, I thought I should like to taste it, at least once. It is after all the basic food of the sea. I hung out a net of the finest mesh, which had the effect of a sea anchor and made the boat groan over her additional burden. Because of this I left the net out for only an hour and drew it up to examine my catch.

Lighting my flashlight to investigate I saw some sort of repellent vermin moving at the bottom. After a moment of hesitation, I took a spoonful and nibbled carefully. Immediately my mouth was full of an intense burning sensation. Scooping up a cup of seawater, I rinsed my mouth and then smeared my lips with heavy cream, but the burning continued for hours. Since then I have not fished for plankton — although I think it was not plankton that burned, but floating poisonous tentacles from a Portuguese man of war caught in the net..."

(Taken from the account of his first voyage in the dug-out canoe, *Liberia II*.)

The really controversial subject was the 'need' to drink seawater:

"Can you imagine what it's like to be shipwrecked, to be a castaway tossing about in a little lifeboat for days and days with no water and no food? Being thirsty is even worse than being hungry, and people can die of thirst. Imagine dying of thirst when you have water all around you! But, you see, people have always believed that it's dangerous to drink sea water because it has so much salt in it that it will make you sick.

It's true that if you swallow too much salt it can make you sick, just as too much candy can make you sick. But I began to think about the problem because I felt so sorry for castaways that I wanted to see if I could help them. I thought, surely a little sea water couldn't hurt anyone. After all, lots of people swallow it when they're swimming—you probably have, too—and nothing dreadful happens.

So I thought about it and decided that a castaway who had nothing else could drink three glasses of sea water every day for five days without coming to any harm. And what happens after that, you'll ask, if you still haven't been rescued?

I thought about this, too, and I decided: fish drink sea water, and yet, have you noticed when you eat sea fish like cod, it doesn't taste a bit salty? In fact, it tastes rather flat. And I figured that a castaway could catch fish, and he could get fresh water out of them just as he could squeeze juice out of an orange, and he could eat the fish, too, so he would have food as well as drink" *Alain Bombard*



Alain Bombard in his laboratory in Monaco, April 29, 1952, a bottle of seawater in one hand and a fruit press (for squeezing water out of fish) in the other  
Rue des Archives/Credit ©Rue des Archives/AGIP

One of the most unscientific justifications made by Alain for drinking seawater, with its combination of various salts that are not all innocent when ingested, is his roll-call of French Spa waters that, *taken all together*, contain a number of the salts found in the sea.

'France is famous for its mineral springs,' he writes, 'but a quart of Salies water contains as much magnesium chloride as the amount of seawater I was considering; a quart of Montmiriel water holds as much magnesium sulphate; a quart of Contrexéville water holds as much calcium sulphate; a quart of Bourbon water holds as much potassium chloride; and lastly a quart of Vichy Grand Grille water holds as much calcium carbonate. The water problem, therefore seemed to be solved...'

Well, no, it wasn't. What *exactly* was 'the amount of seawater' he was considering? And is 'a quart' meant to correspond with a French litre? A litre equals 1.76 British pints. In the UK there are two pints to a quart, which is 1.136 litres. But what sort of quarts is he talking about? US pints and quarts are smaller measures than the British. There are 1.2 American pints in an Imperial pint. There is a fascinating historical reason for this. Prior to the American War of Independence (1775-83) the systems of weights and measures on both sides of the Atlantic were identical and British. In 1824 the system was overhauled and changed in Britain, but America as an independent nation maintained the old system.

To recommend drinking seawater in any volume is really dangerous advice, but it is the only original idea of the main three in Bombard's prescription for survival at sea, so he was bound to proclaim it loudly (the other two were concerned with fish and plankton, and already well-known). Drinking seawater is the heresy that AB was propagating in his boat's name: *L'Hérétique*.

Seawater is about 75% more saline than blood, so the body overloads the kidneys to get rid of it. The diminished supply of water in a dehydrated body is re-routed immediately to get rid of the excess salt via the kidneys and bladder. Even the early side effects of drinking it are

serious, and include rapid heartbeats with lowered blood pressure while lethargy and confusion set in. Continuing to drink it leads to serious dehydration, accompanied by delirium, hallucination, loss of appetite, blood in the faeces and eventually the possibility of brain damage. When there is little or no available water available in the body, the impossible demands made on the kidneys by the urgent need to flush out salt in the urine leads to nephritis ('Bright's Disease') and an agonising death.

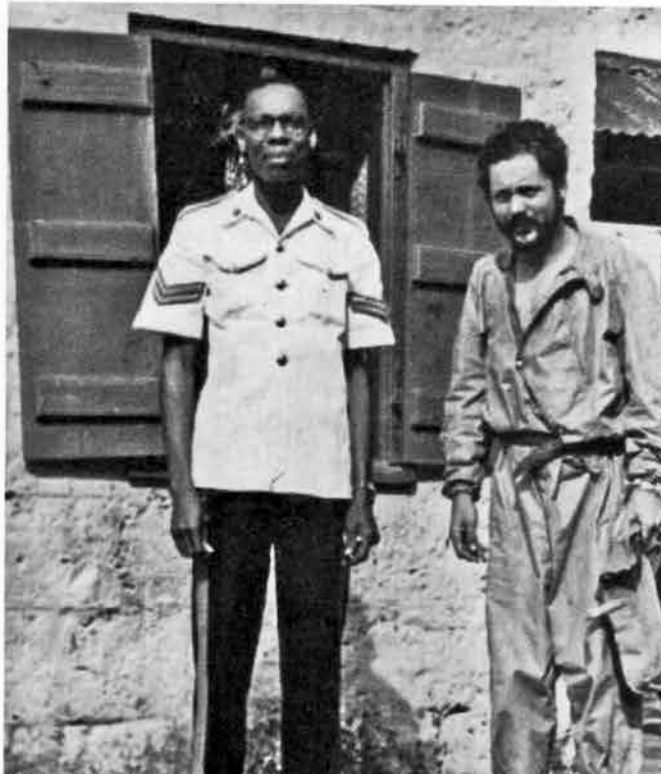
For all his patronising denials of the dangers of seawater in controlled doses, you should compare these symptoms with the list of ailments that affected Alain Bombard at the end of his voyage. He lists these in his book (*see below*). Add loss of appetite to the list, as he complains about it frequently in the trip's later stages.

Bombard goes on to deal peremptorily with vitamins, proteins, fats and carbohydrates, too, and how easily he should be able to source them. Taken all together, this is a classic case of 'blinding with science'. Or rather, blinding the reader with pseudo-science.

For sixty-five days Bombard lived on what he could catch from the sea. He drank seawater for fourteen days in all and fish juice for forty-three days. His water supplies were replenished by occasional tropical downpours after the first twenty-three days. Gradually he lost 55lbs in weight and became seriously anaemic: his red corpuscle count was exactly halved. His blood pressure became dangerously low.

He suffered from diarrhoea for fourteen days with associated haemorrhages. His skin dehydrated and a rash covered his body. He lost his toenails and his feet suffered terribly from continual wetting in salt water. He suffered a marked loss of muscle tone.

Alain finally arrives in Barbados on 23 December 1952, after 113 days at sea. He is in a critical physical condition that will necessitate hospitalisation and the removal of a kidney





On the first Mediterranean leg of his trip, with Jack Palmer as crew, both men were constipated for periods of up to eleven days. Their inadequate diet must have provided Vitamin C, though, probably from raw fish, as he was at least spared the torture of scurvy. He thought that Vitamin C was provided by plankton.

What Alain leaves out of his litany of ailments is that it was necessary to remove one of his diseased kidneys shortly after his return, and the damage he incurred to his spine needed serious surgery and bone grafts before he was restored to health.

In *Alone at Sea* Hannes Lindemann makes no overt criticism of Bombard's eating and drinking regime, or of his suspicions that he might be carrying reserve water. But his feelings are implicit in his final chapter when he writes:

"Hunger brings on quarrelsomeness, suspicion and irritation in people, so it is well to remember to watch one's neighbor, who may suddenly become the victim of dangerous hallucinations. He may think he sees a food store near the boat and jump overboard to reach it. I had this urge myself several times.

Stimulants are harmful for they are usually followed by a breakdown. Sleep is a vitally important factor, for lack of it leads to delirium, as I know from experience. The castaway should try to sleep, if only for a few minutes at a time. Seconds of sleep may save his life.

Fresh water is another key to survival. Research has been done that proves that a man can survive for two days in the tropics and nine days in temperate zones without food and water. We know that in the last war, a man survived for eleven days in the temperate zone under these conditions.

I feel very strongly that no one who wishes to survive should drink salt water. If there is sufficient fresh water on board, a small amount of salt water may be drunk as a salt replacement, but that is all. Salt water is never a substitute for fresh water.

If a castaway should happen to have milk or beer on his life raft, he can consider himself fortunate, for both these fluids will give him necessary calories. A skilled fisherman can keep himself supplied with all the solid foods he needs on a life raft, but he must be careful to balance his solid food intake with liquid intake. Only the eyes, blood and spinal fluid of fish supplied me with fluids; to extract fluid from the rest of a fish's body one needs especially built presses." (*Which Bombard had with him – a basic fruit press.*)

That hypothetical reference to beer and milk led *The New York Times* obituary writer Douglas Martin to suggest, in his Bombard obituary, that Lindemann took beer with him as a staple drink (*July 24th, 2005, Section 1, page 32 of the National Edition*).

He also stated that Lindemann '...not only cast doubt

on seawater's potability in *Alone at Sea*, but also charged that Dr. Bombard had cheated by sneaking provisions aboard.'

However, before the 1950s were out and soon after *Alone at Sea* was published, Lindemann issued some photographs he had been given that showed Bombard loading food from the cargo ship *Arakaka* in mid-ocean, which he had always denied doing. He had also carried a tightly packed 'ultimate reserve of water and food' – although that did remain sealed.

By Saturday June 7th, on the first Mediterranean leg of the voyage, Jack Palmer and Alain were starving, with only small rations of seawater to drink and plankton to eat, '... which disgusted us more each day.'

When a big ferry was spotted two miles away Palmer lit up the dawn with distress rockets, which were unseen. Then they drew the attention of the ship, the *Sidi Farrukh*, with an orange smoke bomb. The captain hailed them to ask what they wanted. Bombard replied, 'Please report our position and let us have a few emergency rations.'

The ship stopped her engines and circled away to reduce speed and came to a halt five hundred yards away. Bombard sculled over to it. The Captain was angry at this interruption to his schedule, but the first officer handed down food and water. Bombard ends Chapter Four of his book with this disingenuous complaint:

'The mere fact of accepting this minimum assistance branded us as imposters, although our experiences (*up to this point*) had not differed so greatly from the survivors of *La Méduse*, lost in 1816 with 17 survivors... we had held out for a whole fortnight, and in spite of wine and water most of the survivors of *La Méduse* were dead when they were picked up on the twelfth day (*sic*).'

Of course their experiences had differed very greatly from those on the Raft of the *Medusa*, who had suffered starvation, dehydration, murder, mutiny, cannibalism and suicide. Their descent into chaos had happened with alarming speed. The only two casks of water were lost overboard during fighting among themselves and their bag of ship's biscuit was eaten on the first day.

Bombard's comparison is far too melodramatic, but it does highlight the basic requirements for survival that he and Lindemann stress in their books, starting with calm, cautious optimism and a constant focus on simple practical details that can assume massive importance.

The *Sidi Farrukh* episode was the first of two encounters at sea that damaged Bombard's public image – on this occasion the news was out immediately – but they managed to retrieve the situation sufficiently to be able to continue, though Jack Palmer's interest started to wane after this. Herbert Muir-Palmer, better known as Jack Palmer, was an Englishman with a Panamanian passport who had thrown in his lot with Bombard from the start, as soon as his early research was over and he was looking for crew. He also taught Bombard how to use the sextant he brought with him.

Instead of setting out right away from Tangier or Casablanca, Bombard decided to sail the Mediterranean to test crew and equipment. Palmer created a good impression right up to the *Sidi Farrukh* contact, and in



Jack Palmer (left) and AB in Tangier, looking in good condition with the Med almost behind them. The following morning Bombard visited the French Consulate and arranged an air ticket to Paris then left, without letting Jack know (He had been promised a replacement boat.) Jack was still there when he returned, but had lost his enthusiasm. Alain: 'In Tangier I was to find many true and generous friends, but also redoubtable enemies, who were to separate me from my companion.' So what really happened?

fact Alain never lost his admiration for him from the day he had said, 'Doctor Bombard, I am your man.' He saw him as being a typical cool and phlegmatic Englishman, invaluable in a crisis.

They rounded Cape Minorca and entered Ciudadelá. After being greeted by a friendly Spanish officer, Bombard asked him to check the seals on the emergency food stocks – these were the boxes of food that had been sealed and witnessed before they had left, though unbroken seals had lost their importance after news had been circulated of the help given by the officer on the *Sidi Farrukh*.

Their exit from Ciudadelá was interrupted by bad weather. A fishing boat gave them a tow back to the port, but Jack spotted the danger of being brought beam-on to the wind and waves as they rounded a point on the way. Sure enough, they capsized. The fishing boat rescued them, but they lost the camera, the cine-camera, the radio, the compass, and the binoculars and a lot of other equipment. The mast was broken and the sail torn (apparently they had stepped an Optimist mast and sail. It was right up in the bows, so that beating to windward was always impossible.)

Alain left Jack in Minorca and travelled to Paris in an attempt to revive flagging interest in the project. He managed to gain some support after lengthy discussions, and a limited collection of spares arrived by plane, but time was passing and their best opportunity for tackling the Atlantic was receding.

When they were finally ready in Tangier, they planned a start for Monday, August 11. The wind became favourable and was forecast to hold for three days, giving them the chance pass through the Straits of Gibraltar. It seems that Jack asked the captain of the Spanish tow boat to leave them at Cape Malabata, before they had cleared the Straits completely. On Wednesday morning the wind was still good, but Jack set off for Tangier to make a few last-minute purchases. They agreed that he had to be back by 18:00 hrs to catch the tide. When he

did not appear, Alain wrote a note to him: 'I am taking the responsibility of leaving alone. Success will only come if we believe in it.'

With the wind from the NNE he set a course roughly WSW to follow the chord of the coastal arc between Tangier and Casablanca. He was well-received in Casablanca and did not leave until the morning of Sunday 24th August, but now he was in the Atlantic and starting properly on the voyage.

It is generally accepted that Jack Palmer deserted Alain Bombard and that view is repeated constantly in newspaper articles and books. It is the last mystery to consider in the Bombard story. Certainly Alain, usually outspoken, does not accuse him of desertion. He refers to Jack warmly and appreciatively throughout his book. So did he wait for Jack or not? Might he have been glad of the opportunity afforded by Jack's visit to Tangier to slip his own cable and leave? Not that it matters. By that stage anyone could be forgiven for backing out of a deal with Alain, who had not proved to be an easy partner. The voyage had become really controversial, which would have reduced the motivation to continue. Certainly Jack had given of his best during the proving trip from Monaco to Menorca and out of the Mediterranean.

Alain Bombard completed the trip on his own and used the publicity to circulate his theories. Much later, the French and Taiwanese Navies agreed with him after conducting their own experiments, the Taiwanese extending their test to a remarkable 134 days. But perhaps this no longer matters, either. The comedian WC Fields once said, 'Why wouldn't you drink alcohol, considering the disgusting things fish do in water?'

Joking apart, few would wish to supplement their diet or quench their thirst with today's polluted seawater. The 1950s are a long way off: even fish stocks cannot be relied on now.

Despite his gruelling experiences in the Atlantic, Alain continued to engage with life with the same buccaneering swagger and confidence he showed as a

A solo Alain Bombard speaking to his helpers on *The Arakaka*. Not the least of their help was to satisfy his request to hear Bach's Sixth Brandenburg Concerto on Christmas night over the radio. The captain, who was moved by AB's plight, ensured that it was done. He also gave him replacement batteries for his dead radio.





famous 'hérétique'. He never refused a challenge.

For a while he basked in the international attention his book brought him, but then the need for action once more prevailed. He collaborated with a manufacturer of inflatable boats, 'Angeviniere' which became known as 'Bombard' in 1972.

As well as being a spokesman for the company he saw himself as a test pilot, taking their vessels out in bad conditions to prove their worth as lifeboats. Such a test was planned for October 3, 1958, in an attempt to cross a dangerous stretch of water, the Barre d'Etel, in bad weather on a turbulent Spring tide. The crew in one boat comprised Alain Bombard and six sailors from Etelois. They were accompanied by another vessel, an inflatable lifeboat. Just before midday, Bombard's boat capsized,



**Bombard's worst nightmare: a 400lb swordfish**

### *L'Hérétique* at the end of the journey

flinging the seven into the sea. The local lifeboat then also capsized and was badly damaged. Nine were drowned in total.

The investigation cleared Bombard of all responsibility, but the case had wide media coverage and he was badly affected by it. He entered a long period of depressive illness and attempted suicide in 1963. Photographs of him in France c.1964 (which I chose not to include here) show a man who is carrying on his shoulders much more than a mere ten years of ageing.

A collaboration with Paul Ricard at his oceanographic institute helped him to refocus, before he became involved in politics in the field of ecology and the marine environment. Then he became Secretary of State for the Environment in the short-lived Pierre Mauroy government of 1981, before becoming a deputy representing France in the European Parliament for 15 years. He died in Toulon at the age of 80 on July 19, 2005.

Although his ideas and actions raise a lot of questions, for and against, Alain Bombard was larger than life and admirable in many ways. It is difficult not to like his zest and love of a challenge. Even his over-inflated statements tend move one only to laughter.

He and Hannes Lindemann may have shared similar objectives, but they were poles apart as people. The cool perfectionist from northern Europe who recorded the beam of his roughly-hewn dug-out boat as 29.9 inches, rather than 'about 30ins', was hardly likely to agree with someone who was so easy-going he could not see why he should be criticised for quietly accepting help at sea while acting out the role of a lone shipwrecked survivor.

Both were courageous men, but I cannot imagine Alain showing the ice-cold nerve needed to cross the Atlantic sitting down in a kayak, meeting every threat at eye level, with his body movements restricted below the waist.

Hannes Lindemann ended his book on a serious note, too:

'What drove me to test my strength of mind and body to the utmost? I realised that no one answer would satisfy me: the urge for adventure, the quest for scientific knowledge – both played a part. I told myself that man has always searched for the new frontier, pushed for further boundaries and that I, as a man, would have to accept that for my answer.' KM



### Miami, Florida

Coast Guard Cutter *Charles Sexton's* crew repatriated 27 Cubans to Cuba following two interdictions off Florida's coast. In the first interdiction, a good Samaritan reported a 21' vessel with 22 people aboard, approximately seven miles south of Key West, to Coast Guard Sector Key West watchstanders. They were brought aboard Coast Guard Cutter *William Trump* and transferred to the *Charles Sexton* and reported in good health.

In the second interdiction, Coast Guard Station Islamorada reported a makeshift raft with five people aboard, approximately 15 miles offshore of Islamorada to Sector Key West watchstanders. A Station Islamorada boat crew picked up the five people and transferred them to the *Charles Sexton*. They were reported in good health.



### Corpus Christi, Texas

The Coast Guard assisted five crew members aboard an 84' fishing vessel near Port O'Connor, Texas. Coast Guard Sector/Air Station Corpus Christi watchstanders received a mayday call over VHF-FM channel 16 from the crew of fishing vessel *Aiden Boy* reporting a collision with the fishing vessel *Joseph Vu* approximately 15 miles off Port O'Connor. Neither crew was reportedly in distress. A Coast Guard Station Port O'Connor 45' Response Boat-Medium crew launched to respond. The RB-M crew arrived on scene and confirmed both vessels were disabled due to damage. The crew of *Joseph Vu* had anchored and was conducting repairs. Due to fishing nets tangled in the *Aiden Boy's* propeller, the crew requested a tow.

The crew of Coast Guard Cutter *Pelican*, an 87' patrol boat homeported in Corpus Christi, launched to assist. The *Pelican* crew arrived on scene and safely towed and transferred the *Aiden Boy* to the crew of the fishing boat *Miss Juliana* which finished the tow to the Port of Palacios.

"Thanks to the seamless coordination of our Coast Guard units we were able to quickly respond to and assist the *Aiden Boy*," said Petty Officer 1st Class Cynthia Taylor, Sector/Air Station Corpus Christi search and rescue unit controller. "The great teamwork between the Sector/Air Station Corpus Christi watchstanders, the crew of Coast Guard Station Port O'Connor and the crew of Coast Guard Cutter *Pelican* resulted in a successful response."



## Our Coast Guard in Action

### Honolulu, Hawaii

Coast Guard crews rescued 15 mariners aboard the disabled 72' sailing vessel *Lucky* 26 miles east of Makapu'u Point, Oahu. The *Lucky* was adrift due to a disabled rudder and crews aboard the Coast Guard Cutter *Oliver Berry* (WPC 1124) and a Station Honolulu 45' Response Boat-Medium successfully towed the vessel to Honolulu Harbor.

Coast Guard Sector Honolulu watchstanders were notified by the *Lucky's* mariners of the situation. The *Lucky* was participating in the 2021 Transpacific Yacht Race when their rudder became disabled causing the vessel to drift towards Oahu. The mariners reported they had safety equipment, a registered EPIRB, a satellite phone, supplies and no medical concerns.

"With any towing evolution there is risk involved," said Ensign Michael Meisenger, the operations officer aboard the *Oliver Berry*. "Our crew trains constantly to ensure we are prepared when called upon. That training paid off. In 30 knot winds and 10' seas we were able to establish a tow with the *Lucky* and safely brought them back to Honolulu."



### Miami, Florida

Coast Guard Cutter *Robert Yered's* crew transferred one Ecuadorian, two Brazilian and 16 Haitian migrants to the Bahamas following an interdiction that occurred approximately 12 miles east of Lake Worth Inlet, Florida. A Customs and Border Protection air crew reported a 26' vessel with

23 people aboard to US Coast Guard Station Lake Worth Inlet watchstanders. A Station Lake Worth Inlet boat crew arrived on scene and brought the migrants aboard. They were reported in good health. One Bahamian, one Haitian and two Brazilians were brought ashore for further questioning by Homeland Security Investigations.



### Cape May, New Jersey

The Coast Guard rescued seven people from a sport fishing boat beset by weather 69 miles southeast of Cape May. A small craft advisory for the area indicated 4'-6' seas with winds gusting up to 30 knots. Watchstanders at Coast Guard Sector Delaware Bay received the initial report from Coast Guard Sector Virginia stating that a 40' sport fishing boat with seven people aboard had been beset by weather with seas reaching approximately 10'.

The crew of the vessel activated their Emergency Position Indicating Radio Beacon (EPIRB) when conditions continued to deteriorate. Coast Guard crews aboard an MH-60 Jayhawk and an HC-130 Hercules aircraft from Air Station Elizabeth City, North Carolina, and a 47' Motor Life Boat from Station Indian River were launched to assist.

All seven people were hoisted and taken to Coast Guard Air Station Elizabeth City where local EMS was standing by to assist.

"One of the scariest and most unpredictable places you can be in out on the water in a storm," said Petty Officer 1st Class Christopher Petrenko, an operations specialist with the Sector Delaware Bay command center. "Fortunately, they had life jackets, a registered EPIRB and a radio which they used to call for help. If any one of those pieces had been missing we might not have been as successful as we were."



### Miami, Florida

Coast Guard Cutter *Charles Sexton's* crew transferred nine Cuban migrants to the Bahamas Tuesday following an interdiction approximately one mile northwest of Cay Sal Island, Bahamas. A Coast Guard Air Station Miami HC-144 Ocean Sentry airplane crew reported to Sector Key West watchstanders Saturday a vessel was spotted making landfall with nine people aboard. *Charles Sexton's* small boat crew went ashore and safely

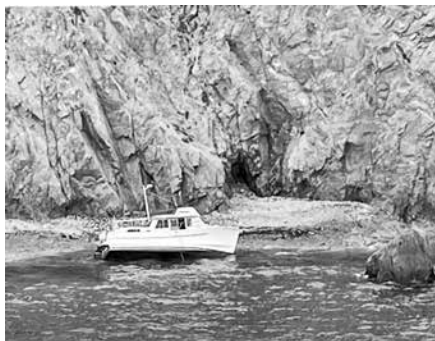
embarked all nine migrants. They were reported in good health.

"These ventures are dangerous and can often lead to casualties especially during tropical storms," said Cmdr Jacob McMillan, Coast Guard Liaison officer, Bahamas. "The seas are unpredictable and unforgiving."



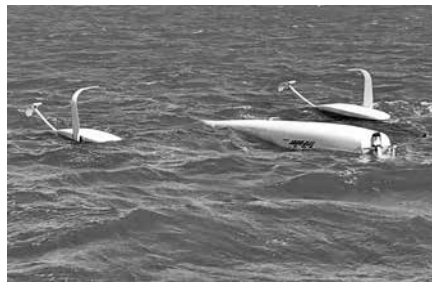
#### San Francisco, California

A good Samaritan notified Coast Guard Sector San Francisco watchstanders of a 30' boat grounded on the west side of Tomales Point, approximately a half mile north of Driftwood Beach. Coast Guard Station Bodega Bay 47' Motor Life Boat crew arrived on scene and discovered a mariner aboard in distress. Marin County Fire Department personnel used a personal watercraft to reach the mariner and transferred him and six dogs to the Station Bodega Bay boat crew. The Coast Guard crew transported the man and his dogs to Bodega Bay where they were met by EMS and taken to Santa Rosa Memorial Hospital and treated for concerns of hypothermia. A fuel sheen was observed near the boat during Tuesday's rescue and it was reported that the boat has a maximum capacity of 200 gallons of diesel aboard.



#### San Francisco, California

A distressed mariner contacted the Coast Guard Sector San Francisco watchstanders via VHF-FM channel 16 requesting assistance after his 15' sailboat capsized near South Beach Marina. Watchstanders directed the launch of a Coast Guard Station San Francisco 45' Response Boat-Medium crew and a San Francisco Fire Department Marine 3 crew. Both boat crews arrived on scene at 4:45 p.m. and located the overturned sailboat and rescued one person clinging to the hull.



#### Aguadilla, Puerto Rico

A Coast Guard Cutter *Richard Dixon* (WPC-113) crewmember operates a 25' migrant vessel after completing an interdiction 34 miles off Aguadilla, Puerto Rico. The Cutter *Richard Dixon* later transferred 18 migrants to a Dominican Republic Navy crew, one of the females was repatriated and transferred to the Dominican Navy by the Coast Guard Cutter *Donald Horsley* (WPC-1117) while the remaining unaccompanied minor was repatriated and transferred to the Dominican Navy by the Coast Guard Cutter *Winslow Grieser* (WPC-1116).



#### St Petersburg, Florida

The Coast Guard and Hillsborough County Fire Rescue personnel rescued two men after their 60' vessel caught fire east of the Skyway Bridge. The two men were safely transferred without injuries to O'Neill's Marina to awaiting emergency services personnel. Coast Guard Sector St Petersburg watchstanders received a mayday call via VHF channel 16 from the vessel owner stating his vessel's engines were in flames and they had utilized all the fire extinguishers available, and needed immediate assistance. The Sector watchstanders issued an urgent marine information broadcast notifying vessels in the area of the situation and diverted a Coast Guard Station St Petersburg 45' Response Boat-Medium and a 29' Response Boat-Small II crews and a Hillsborough County Fire Rescue marine unit to the scene.



#### Charleston, South Carolina

Coast Guard Sector Charleston watchstanders received a call from the Charleston Harbor Resort and Marina staff that the 120' dredge barge *Capt Leo II* had capsized in the marina. The watchstanders directed the launch of a Coast Guard Station Charleston 29 Response Boat-Small crew to assess the situation. The dredge barge had a reported maximum potential of 1,000 gallons of Diesel fuel on board. Marcol Dredging Company deployed a boom around the barge to minimize environmental impacts. There were no persons aboard the *Capt Leo II* when it capsized.



#### San Juan, Puerto Rico

Coast Guard and Puerto Rico Police crews rescued 48 Haitian migrants stranded on Monito Cay, Puerto Rico, in the Mona Passage. Watchstanders at Coast Guard Sector San Juan were initially contacted by the aircrew of a Coast Guard HC-144 Ocean Sentry aircraft, who spotted the migrants flashing a light and waving their hands for assistance.

Coast Guard watchstanders proceeded to divert the Coast Guard Cutter *Winslow Grieser* and launched an MH-60T Jayhawk helicopter from Coast Guard Air Station Borinquen to further investigate and rescue any persons in distress. A Puerto Rico Police marine unit also responded to assist.

Upon arriving on scene, the crew of the *Winslow Grieser* located the migrants, 26 men and 22 women, on the side of the cliff and taking shelter inside nearby caves. The *Winslow Grieser* launched their Over the Horizon IV small boat to recover the migrants.

"This was a very complex rescue and the migrants were in pretty bad shape after being abandoned by smugglers in this austere and highly dangerous environment," said Lt Benjamin Williams, Coast Guard Cutter *Winslow Grieser* commanding officer.



#### New Orleans, Louisiana

Flight crews from Coast Guard Air Station New Orleans, Coast Guard Aviation Training Center Mobile and Coast Guard Air Station Cape Cod conducted a total of six Hurricane Ida search and rescues, saving a total of 13 people and two animals and assisting six people, as of Tuesday August 31. Their total flight time for the following cases are 27 hours and 42 minutes.

The following search and rescue efforts were conducted by Air Station New Orleans:

August 30, Leeville, Louisiana: The Coast Guard received a report that a man had



been struck in the head during the storm by a window. A MH-65 Dolphin helicopter aircrew landed on a highway and embarked the patient and took him to West Jefferson Hospital in stable condition.

August 30, Port Sulphur, Louisiana: The Coast Guard received a report that a shrimp boat caught fire and one of the crew members managed to swim to shore. An MH-65 Dolphin helicopter aircrew landed on the highway in nighttime conditions, navigating down power lines and debris. The crew member was transferred to West Jefferson Hospital in Marrero, Louisiana.

August 31, Grand Isle, Louisiana: An MH-65 Dolphin helicopter aircrew responded to a report of two men needing medical assistance, one having difficulties from a preexisting condition and the other with a leg injury. The aircrew lowered the rescue swimmer to assess the patients while the pilots landed the helicopter on the beach to conserve fuel and provide a stable loading platform. The patients were transferred to University Medical Center in New Orleans.

The following search and rescue efforts were conducted by Aviation Training Center Mobile, Alabama:

August 30, Houston, Texas: While deployed in Houston, an MH-60 Jayhawk helicopter aircrew assisted in hospital transfers of four patients.

August 30, La Place, Louisiana: An MH-65 Dolphin helicopter aircrew medevaced a middle aged woman suffering from seizures and transferred her to West Jefferson Hospital. A secondary MH-65 Dolphin helicopter also transported two of her family members to Air Station New Orleans where a vehicle was waiting to drive them to the hospital.

The following search and rescue was conducted by Air Station Cape Cod:

August 30, Grand Isle, Louisiana: An MH-60 Jayhawk helicopter aircrew conducted a beach landing to check for signs of distress and found eight people and two felines in a severely damaged motel. They requested to depart the island to safety. The aircrew transported everyone to the parking lot of the Houma Civic Center.

### **Miami Beach, Florida**

A Coast Guard Station Miami Beach rescue crew saved one person after a good Samaritan reported a man floating on a makeshift raft in the vicinity of Fowey Rocks. The good Samaritan and owner of the vessel *Spread Out* reported to Sector Miami watchstanders that he came across a man on a makeshift raft. The man stated he left from Cuba, was adrift for ten days and the three other people with him had died. The station rescue crew brought the person to the Coast Guard Cutter *Robert Yered*. Miami-Dade Fire Boat personnel evaluated the man on the cutter and determined he needed immediate medical care. Miami-Dade Fire personnel took the man on their vessel and transported him to the hospital.



### **San Francisco, California**

The Coast Guard stopped eight illegal charter boats operating on Lake Tahoe during a surge operation in early August. During the operation Coast Guard investigators conducted more than 40 shoreside boat inspections and boarded more than 60 boats verifying passenger safety, captain's licenses and drug and alcohol testing programs. As a result, six voyages were terminated and eight boats were issued Captain of the Port orders to restrict their operations.



### **Golfito, Costa Rica**

The Coast Guard rescued three people after their boat caught fire and burned to the waterline approximately 150 miles south of Golfito, Costa Rica. Maritime Rescue Coordination Centre (RCC) Costa Rica contacted Eleventh Coast Guard District command center watchstanders relaying a report of a fire aboard the fishing boat *Baula X* with three people aboard. The three mariners abandoned the boat and were clinging to a buoy in the water while maintaining communication with the vessel administrator via satellite phone.

Watchstanders utilized the automated mutual-assistance vessel rescue (AMVER) system and contacted the motor vessel *Avra GR* crew, located approximately 58 miles from the *Baula X*'s last known position, who agreed to assist and proceeded toward the mariners.

The Coast Guard Cutter *Northland* (WMEC 904) crew dispatched their MH-65 Dolphin helicopter crew to search for the crew of the *Baula X* and located the mariners at their last known position. Once on scene, the *Northland* launched their 26' Over-the-Horizon small boat crew who retrieved all three mariners and transferred them in good condition to the AMVER vessel *Avra GR*. RCC Costa Rica coordinated with the *Avra GR* crew to transfer the three mariners back to Costa Rica.



### **San Juan, Puerto Rico**

The Coast Guard Cutter *Winslow Griesser* repatriated 11 Dominican migrants and returned 12 Haitians to the Dominican Republic Saturday following the interdiction of an illegal voyage in the Mona Passage. The interdiction was the result of ongoing Coast Guard and Caribbean Border Interagency group partner efforts to deter and stop illegal voyages in the Mona Passage. Since October 1, 2020, the Coast Guard and CBIG federal and state partner agencies have interdicted and or apprehended 2,100 migrants traveling illegally to Puerto Rico.



### **Oregon Inlet, North Carolina**

The Coast Guard and a good Samaritan rescued three mariners after their vessel capsized in Oregon Inlet, North Carolina. Watchstanders at the Coast Guard Sector North Carolina command center received a report from Dare County 911 of a capsized vessel. The Sector North Carolina command center dispatched a 47' Motor Life Boat boatcrew from Coast Guard Station Oregon Inlet to the scene. An MH-65 Dolphin helicopter aircrew from Coast Guard Air Station Elizabeth City also diverted to the scene to provide support.

When the Coast Guard boatcrew arrived on scene the good Samaritan vessel *Rock Solid* was rescuing one of the mariners from the water. The Coast Guard boatcrew retrieved the other two boaters from the water and brought the third aboard from the good Samaritan vessel. One boater reportedly suffered a head injury. The boatcrew transported the mariners to Coast Guard Station Oregon Inlet where emergency medical services were waiting.

"Knowing the forecasted weather before heading out on the water is vital to a mariner's safety," said Petty Officer 3rd class Taryn Michalicka, a boat engineer from the responding boatcrew. "In addition to knowing the present and forecasted conditions, wearing a lifejacket and having operable radio are excellent tools to increase survival chances and help rescuers get to you quickly in a maritime emergency."



### **Miami, Florida**

Coast Guard Cutter *Charles David Jr.*'s crew repatriated 24 Cubans to Cuba after interdicting a suspicious vessel off the coast of Elbow Cay, Bahamas. While on a routine patrol, a Customs and Border Protection Air and Marine Operations airplane crew saw

the vessel and alerted the cutter. The cutter's law enforcement team brought the people to the cutter. The owner of the vessel was transferred to Homeland Security Investigations for a follow up investigation into suspected human smuggling.

"The Coast Guard and our partner agencies are aggressively maintaining a presence in the Florida Straits and discourage these dangerous and deadly voyages," said Chief Warrant Officer Chad Barber, commanding officer, Coast Guard Cutter *Charles David Jr.* "US policy is to carry out orderly, safe and legal migration which we support through deterrence of unlawful maritime migration."

Since October, 1, 2020, Coast Guard crews have interdicted 697 Cubans compared to 49 Cuban Migrants in Fiscal Year 2020.



#### Miami, Florida

Coast Guard Cutter *Charles David Jr.*'s crew repatriated 19 Cubans to Cuba, following four interdictions off the Florida Keys.

A good Samaritan notified Coast Guard Sector Key West watchstanders of a suspicious vessel with two people aboard approximately 15 miles east of Key Largo. A Station Islamorada law enforcement small boat crew intercepted the vessel and transferred the Cuban migrants to Coast Guard Cutter *Charles David Jr.* for repatriation.

A Coast Guard Air Station Miami HC-144 Ocean Sentry aircrew notified Coast Guard Sector Key West watchstanders of a suspicious vessel about 48 miles south of Marathon. Customs and Border Protection Air and Marine Operation officers intercepted the vessel, embarked seven Cuban migrants. The migrants were transferred to *Charles David Jr.* for repatriation.

A good Samaritan notified Coast Guard District Seven watchstanders of a suspicious vessel approximately 78 miles southeast of Key West with six Cuban migrants. A Coast Guard Cutter *Daniel Tarr* law enforcement crew intercepted the vessel and transferred five Cuban migrants to *Charles David Jr.* for repatriation. One migrant was determined to merit further screening and is being transferred to the proper authorities.

A good Samaritan notified Coast Guard District Seven watchstanders of a suspicious vessel about 78 miles south of Key West. A Coast Guard Cutter *Vigorous* law enforcement crew intercepted the vessel and transferred the five Cuban migrants to *Charles David Jr.* for repatriation.



#### Savannah, Georgia

Coast Guard Sector Charleston watchstanders received notification from the captain of dredge vessel *Ronnie R* via VHF-FM Channel 16 stating a skiff with seven people aboard collided with the dredge. All seven people went into the water, five people were rescued by a *Ronnie R* crew member. The five rescued people were reported to have some injuries and were taken by emergency medical services to Savannah Memorial Hospital.

Coast Guard and partner agencies searched for the two missing men. Savannah Fire Department personnel are conducted side scan sonar of the area and Savannah Police Department divers were on standby.



#### Miami, Florida

Customs and Border Protection Air and Marine Operations agents contacted Coast Guard Sector Miami watchstanders after locating a suspicious vessel approximately 13 miles east of Baker's Haulover Inlet, Florida. A Customs and Border Protection law enforcement small boat crew intercepted the vessel and the migrants were transferred aboard the Coast Guard Cutter *Manatee*.

There were 21 people aboard the vessel, four Haitian male adults, three Haitian male minors, one Haitian female minor, six Haitian adult females, two Jamaican adult males, one Saint Kitts and Nevis adult male, three Dominican adult males and one Bahamian adult male. Three migrants, including the suspected smuggler, were transferred to Homeland Security Investigations personnel for further investigation. Four migrants were medically evacuated to a higher level of care due to reports of severe dehydration. Customs and Border Protection Air and Marine Operations took custody of the migrant vessel.



#### Chincoteague, Virginia

The Coast Guard rescued three people in Chincoteague Inlet after their sailboat ran aground during severe weather. Watchstanders at Coast Guard Sector Virginia Command Center received notification of the distress and issued an Urgent Marine Information Broadcast. Sector Virginia also launched crews aboard a 47' Motor Life Boat and a 24' Special Purpose Craft-Shallow Water from Station Chincoteague and an aircrew aboard an MH-60 Jayhawk helicopter from Air Station Elizabeth City. Upon arriving on scene, the boat crews were unable to navigate within 100 yards of the grounded sail-

boat due to unsafe conditions presented by the severe weather.



#### Saint Thomas, US Virgin Islands

A Coast Guard Boat Forces Detachment Saint Thomas crew rescued two divers in distress from the middle of the channel just off Coki Point, St Thomas. The rescued divers, a man, 57, and a woman, 21, reportedly tourists, were spotted by the Coast Guard crew during a routine patrol. The Coast Guard crew, operating aboard a 33' Special Purpose Craft-Law Enforcement, turned on their blue lights during their approach to deter oncoming boat traffic from getting close to the divers. Once alongside, the crew pulled both divers safely aboard and assessed that there were no medical emergencies.



#### Honolulu, Hawaii

The Coast Guard rescued two kayakers in distress a half nautical mile off Maalaea Harbor. The crew of a Coast Guard Station Maui 45' Response Boat-Medium recovered the two kayakers and safely transported them back to the harbor. Both kayakers were reported to be in stable condition.



### Charleston, South Carolina

A 45' fishing vessel, *Strictly Business*, caught fire and was taking on water nine miles east of Bulls Bay in the Atlantic Ocean. The station rescue crew transported the men to Coast Guard Station Charleston where local EMS were awaiting and treated the men on scene.



### Miami, Florida

Coast Guard Station Key West rescue crews assisted four men after their fishing vessel, *Aqua Limo II*, became disabled 63 miles off Key West. Station Key West's crew located the vessel and embarked the four men. The men stated they departed Cancun, Mexico, on August 29, then broke down. They had no food, water or fuel on board. The station crew towed the vessel and brought the four survivors back to Station Key West to awaiting Emergency Medical Service personnel, Wednesday. No injuries were reported.



### Miami, Florida

Coast Guard Cutter *Isaac Mayo*'s crew repatriated 14 Cubans to Cuba following two interdictions off the coast of Key West, Florida. While on a routine patrol a Coast Guard Air Station Clearwater HC-130 aircrew notified Coast Guard Sector Key West watchstanders of a blue inflatable raft approximately 46 miles south of Key West. The people were brought aboard the Coast Guard Cutter *Isaac Mayo* for repatriation.



### New Orleans, Louisiana

The Coast Guard rescued a mariner from a sailing vessel near Lake Pontchartrain, Louisiana. Watchstanders with Coast Guard Sector New Orleans received a report from the owner of the 23' sailing vessel *Pierce* that it was disabled and drifting towards the Highway 11 bridge near Lake Pontchartrain. The vessel became pinned against the bridge and was in danger of capsizing.

The watchstanders directed the launch of a Coast Guard Air Station New Orleans MH-65 Dolphin helicopter aircrew to assist. The aircrew arrived on scene, safely hoisted the mariner aboard and transported him back to the air station. The vessel was secured no longer pinned. No medical concerns were reported.



### Honolulu, Hawaii

Following a six day search, Coast Guard and partner agencies rescued the operator of the disabled sailing vessel *Epic* approximately 310 nautical miles southwest of Oahu. The crew of the Coast Guard Cutter *William Hart* rescued him and transported him back to Oahu. He was reported to be in stable condition.



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# Three Harbors

Photo by Har

The wonders of drone technology brings us this panoramic shot of our nearby Massachusetts North Shore, the three harbors (from near to far) of Marblehead, Salem and Beverly.

Careful examination of foreground shows Marblehead's yacht filled harbor where waiting list for moorings is up around 20 or so years. In the lower right corner is Marblehead Neck with its long established (by Beacon Hill Boston elite over a century ago) yacht clubs and luxury waterfront homes.

Center left is Marblehead proper, once a rough fishing town, now all about sailing with its long harbor front lined with more yacht clubs, marinas and boat yards.

Beyond at upper left, is Marblehead's West Side harbor where boats that do not find a home in Marblehead's main harbor are stored (prominent large building).

Barely visible in the far distance above that point is the mouth of the Danvers River flowing in from the north, past the moorings of Beverly's Jubilee Yacht Club and on to the open sea.

Beyond Beverly, that shoreline stretches across the state to Gloucester-by-the Sea (yep, that's really its official name).





# rs in Summer

vey Petersiel

Shore on Salem Harbor where the boats that could be moored opposite the Salem Harbor Power Station

power station can be seen Beverly's harbor (actually the top left corner) where are moored boats mostly Salem's Salem Willows Yacht Club.

across the top of the photo to the right towards Manomet, courtesy of its wealthy summercaters formal-

izing it with an act of the state legislator). Out of sight to the right is Gloucester, a major fishing port established before 1600 by mostly Portuguese fishermen who came across summers to fish for cod and set up base camp there at the point of Cape Ann some time before those Pilgrims landed at Plymouth, south of what became Boston.

And where are we located, you might ask? Well if you look up from that power plant a ways to that wooded inland we live amongst those trees about three miles from Beverly. No waterfront but at 100' above sea level we do get the nice summer sea breezes without that waterfront congestion.





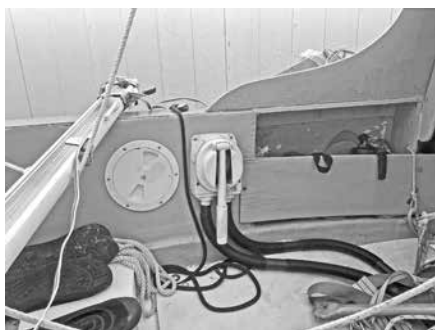


## Meandering the Texas Coast

### Bilge Pump

Well, after so many years with my little 12-footer, a Lehman I call *Red Top*, I finally installed the bugger. This came about helping Linda empty some rain barrels into the larger 250 gallon water totes. She was hauling the water by the bucketful. I told her to wait on that and went over to the shop/boat shed, coming back with a 12 volt bilge pump and hooked up a garden hose and was able to save her a lot of work.

In searching for the 12 volt bilge pump I came across the hand pump shown in the picture. At first I was trying to figure where I could install the electric one. Then the battery and keeping it charged, on a 12-footer! Nah! I went back to the hand operated job.



I even used it the first sail after installing the thing, twice actually. The first go round was right there at the dock, I tied up the boat, parked the truck and then set the mast. Getting in I noticed high water, uh oh! Forgot to put the rain plug back in. So then and there *Red Top* needed pumping. Happily it worked rather well, nobody said anything, the docks were full of people coming and going.

The wind was forecast south at 15mph with gusts to 20mph. That puts *Red Top* right at the edge of needing the first reef. I decided to go for it as it was. I found out later it was a bit more. Then the fun began. The wind being what it was from the south I left Cove Harbour on a starboard reach, wind coming over the starboard side, going down the ICW a short distance then back on that same reach, all the way to San Jose Island. First ever for me, actually closest ever to the ranch headquarters. Pretty neat.

Going over the spray and chop being kicked up, *Red Top* was filling up again. Not wanting to use the sponge I now had a bilge pump. My system still needs some fine tuning. *Red Top* has a false floor a few inches above the bilge with a 7" round cutout for access to the rain drain. On top of that floor there's a 1/2" foam pad with two slits cut in the foam pad, "X" fashion, the suction side of the bilge pump fits nicely in it.

But I can't operate it with my right foot in alongside of the pump with it blowing, the boat heeling and taking a bit of water over the

By Michael Beebe

rail, so my left foot is assigned to holding the outlet side of the pump, the left hand is holding the tiller and mainsheet, steering by feel mostly, and my right hand working the pump. After a bit I was laughing at the situation.

It was a good practice session. The whole thing brought a smile to my face. I need now to come up with a better system that holds the outflow tube. I've thought about a hole through the coaming, but really want to give it more thought before doing such.

I stopped at Mud Island on the way back to eat my lunch. It seemed even windier, and it was. I should have stopped and put in that reef and, had the wind gotten stronger, I would have. Coming into the dock gave me concern, as did a couple of jibes I knew were forthcoming. The jibes came off without a hitch, coming to the dock came off smoothly, once in a while it's touch and go back out into the harbour for another run.

Nice day of sailing, put in at 10am, back in at 4pm.

### Pleasant Sailing

SE at 13mph, gust to 17mph at times. Lazy sail north to Rockport marina proper, sailed down a couple of basins then back out to Aransas Bay. Caught the eyes of several people, including the yacht club boys. Then uphill all the way back to Cove. Short tacks, then long gains, then another short tack. Pleasant sailing.

Met Chad, with a DaySailer 17, fifth time out. Was going out with his wife and daughter I'm guessing. He asked about the chop out in the bay. Told him it was not choppy at all. Nice day to be out on the bay. He was setting up and then launching as I drove away.

Met Dave in the parking lot, a builder from New Branfels, said he'd seen me before, we talked some. *Red Top* is an eye catcher.

Then there was Jay, fishing guide, cleaning his client's fish. Told me he told them, "watch this guy coming in with the sailboat." He likes the way I spin around at speed and round up to the dock and step off.

"Ha!" I told Jay, "did you tell 'em about the time I did the splits and fell into the water?" He said he hadn't. The time I actually did that the docks were empty. I was blessed with no audience, then almost fell in today guiding the boat to the trailer. Aw well, water's softer than the dock, sometimes though it's pretty full of jelly fish, that wouldn't be any fun.

I'd found a small bait net with an aluminum frame floating in the city harbour, endo, handle in the air. Took it aboard and gave it to Jay at the fishing cleaning station. Just what he needed, he said. I guess he either lost his or it broke. He was pleased.

Nice afternoon. Full sail.

### Backwaters

SE winds, light 5mph to 9mph. Pleasant sail. *Red Top* in the water at 3pm out at 7pm. Low tide, I mostly call it low water. Tried sailing through the backwaters, tried. The sea grass bogged me down, the shallowness and the sticky smelly mud under the grass kept me in the boat. It was a slow go, motor sail with two different sized paddles.

Giving up on the backwater I got across Este Flats to the ICW. The sun was casting its diamonds upon the water. Up ahead I noticed a lone fisher person, I wouldn't tell him that, reeling in a big one. I'm amazed the bending those poles can take.

I looked back to watch the him land his catch. What I saw instead was another memory forever etched in my mind. The fellow on his boat with the bent rod was now in the "Diamond Lane" being presented gratis of the sun. The fisherman, boat, bent rod, all a dark silhouette in that long band of sparkling diamonds, absolutely amazing, just beautiful.

Thank you, Lord.

### Everyday Sail

Everyday sails can turn into adventures, the only requirement for participation is being there, especially if a front is forecast in sometime during the day. Works better with a little advance warning. If one frequents the early morning dives, yes, early risers have their dives as well the night owls. Difference being the type of drink. I've been involved in both and now, given a choice, I'll take the morning after, after a good night's sleep, but even those are getting harder to come by.

The early mornings, though, will most often give one a head start on those wind changes. Almost as if planned. Actually they are with these fancy iPhones and pads we carry about, getting caught out can be a planned thing. Knowing what to expect kinda gives one a one up on the old ways of reading weather, where the old timers are already gathering their stuff and putting it away before the blow. Some go out and wait on the water for the coming event.

I've done it a few times, shared it only once with a tug, twice I've been blessed to share it with my daughter and her husband, other times alone. The old Boy Scout adage, being prepared, comes in very handy. I don't want to go off half cocked.

My small boats are rough, very rough, but strong. They amaze me at times with the punishment they endure at my hands. We've heard the advice, "don't try this at home." I won't be telling/selling/or giving such. Finding one's limits and playing on the edge, as it were, our own edge, not others, is the place we should be searching for.

Go now, soon, before it's all taken from us.

## The Widgeon Returns

The Widgeon came home today. The one I cut the transom off about 30" from the aft end. It's already on its old trailer. I noticed that while looking at pics I took of the process. Roger wanted a canoe I had. A couple of weeks ago he asked what I had to trade for the first Widgeon. Up came the old Sears and Roebuck in the conversation. Roger drives a hard bargain. He wanted some small repairs done first, I obliged.

The Widgeon came, the canoe left, the dreams began. Dreams I've carried for three or four years. I'd even written a few short stories about a couple of guys in New York City, lifelong friends, a lawyer and a plumber, Bob and Larry, I think are their names, I'd have to check. My wife says, "Yeah, they are."

They'd come down to south Texas in the dead of winter, leaving the snow behind, and rent two small boats from me. It always turned out right, especially in a story.

Well, I got the bug to have two sailing dinghies of the same type available for the real deal. It took a while, my expense account is quite low.

This first one needs just a bit more tweaking. I'm planning on glassing the transom back on to one piece, but then maybe not, she still planes and catches waves as is. But then my skills leave much room for growth. I've had one inquiry already from Ohio.

This first Widgeon being back home put the spurs to my side in getting the W2 ready, that'd be Widgeon #2. I want to get back aboard the first go round first and refresh my mind from thoughts that once floated there concerning this venture. I have maybe eight or ten pages of various designs for these two. The changes began when my back needed more support than what was offered in the original design.

A good sailer can easily carry stores for a week, buddy boating for the old camaraderie thing. Bang 'em up some, drug across oyster reefs, a little poxy and glass repair and good to go for the next adventure. Basic, basic, basic, bring our own stuff, all we'll be getting is a shrimp boat type finish and memories lasting a lifetime.

Hot dam, here we go.

## Three Hour Sail

Took the Widgeon out today for a three hour sail, maybe two. Porpoise off the starboard beam, one at the bow, pretty neat. Full sail, wind east at 10. Dipped the rail once or twice. Fast little sailor, if I'm all alone out there, which I was today. Parking lot empty, one other power boater showed up as I readied the sloop.

Main only leaving the dock and did not raise the jib until I got out into the channel. Some spray coming over the bow gave a refreshingness to the afternoon. Earlier I had been talking to a neighbor in the hot windless yard, told him I had to go to a cooler place. Leaving the harbour the threatening clouds were dark but came to nothing.

Nice sail.

## Itching

When surfing during those growing up years, which extended to my mid 40s, often we'd go back down to the beach just to watch the waves, look out over the ocean, watch many a sunset. Yesterday I went for a quick sail in *Red Top*. Hurricane Nick was on his

way and I didn't think I'd be able to get out today. I'm glad I went yesterday. It was a hoot.

Today the wind built some and Aransas Bay was loaded with white horses the few times I drove by during the day. This evening I went back down to the harbour just to sit and watch. I'd noticed the wind had clocked around a bit, but in my mind it didn't click. The wind was NE, blowing yep, a bit offshore.

The white horses had moved offshore and the water close to shore was smooth. I missed it. Even little bay was smooth. Oh, a reef or two would still be needed, an anchor ready in case something broke and the parking brake would then help with not being blown out across the bay.

I'm not sure just where Nick moved on to, the NOAA forecast called for diminishing winds in the morning, getting back to about 15mph shortly after noon if my feeble memory does me any good. Not sure the wind direction either, I believe, though I'll give it a try. Should be nice.

## W-2

W-2 is my second Widgeon sailboat, all 12' of her. I've been working on the little girl this past week in between getting the rental house ready for sale. Being how the shop and small boatyard is out back along the side yard does make it convenient.

I'd removed the seats and centerboard this past winter but that's not really what this missive is all about. Having glassed the insides, and the Widgeon now upside down in the yard under an oak tree, I had to fill the exposed slot of the centerboard trunk of what remained to be done from the outside. That completed, I proceeded to sand all the bottom paint off the girl's bottom side. Two coats, black almost worn off, with another coat of blue below that.

The gunnel of the Widgeon extends outboard about 1 1/2" all the way around the boat. A 'U' shape, best I can explain it, with the open end of the 'U' facing down, acting as a splash guard when the boat is sailed, upside down as it lay, it was a dust collector. I'd been using a hand broom to keep the bottom somewhat clean, never gave a thought towards the gunnel catching a goodly amount.

My back being what it is, I asked Linda to help me flip it back over this evening after dinner. Over we went, a short two miles. We each got on one side and lifted the hull onto its edge, Linda balanced the hull while I went to the other side, then she joined me. As we began lowering the boat, now right side up, all that dust started pouring down the side and onto us.

Linda was so mad, she hates dust, especially fiberglass dust. I couldn't help myself and started laughing. She's yelling, I'm laughing, the air was a mixture of blue but no profanity. Setting the hull down Linda stormed off, vowing never to help again.

Back at the house I messed up even more. Forgot to dust off. She marched me outside and watched me use the duster on myself, making sure I did it to her satisfaction.

Back inside sitting I'm my EZ chair, I see blue fuzz on my bare feet. Uh oh! Off to the bathroom before she see them. Linda, for some reason had worn a new outfit for this evening's gala event. I almost said her black pants had a nice blue patina. I thought I'd better not. Probably the wisest thing I said, or didn't say, today.

## Leeboard Hangers

Work is progressing on W-2, my Widgeon #2. I tore out the insides a while back, removed the centerboard trunk and added these leeboard hangers. I used these same ones for a spell on a Lightning sailboat. As you can see they have been repurposed here. The two 1/4" galv bolts onto the gunnels with the inside edge wrapped with three layers of 17oz bi axial and the outside is to get a thickened epoxy mix under the ply between it and the top of the side decks.

The leeboard hangs on the bolt, swings aft, of course, and connects to a horn cleat yet to be installed. Also to be installed is the leeboard guard (?) helping to keep the leeboard away from the hull itself. One can see the stiffeners I've added and behind the ply, port and starboard is blue foam for flotation. I'm about ready to throw this in the water and finish as I go.

Search as I may, I can't seem to find much on these reworks. The old Duckworks web page had a few from time to time. They seem to garner the wrath of the purists. Boggles my mind the lack of understanding. Oh, well.



## Inland Waterways

I think I may have stated this before but one ton of grain can be shipped by barge for 514 miles on a gallon of fuel. That same ton of grain can be shipped by train 202 miles on a gallon of fuel. Shipped by truck a ton can be hauled by truck 59 miles on a gallon of fuel.

Looking at things from a different perspective, the ton per mile cost of inland barges is about \$.72 for the break even point. The Arkansas-Oklahoma Port Operations Association claim that a ton moved via water costs on average ton/mile is about \$.97, \$.253 via rail and \$.535 by truck. Any way you look at it, moving freight on the water is far, far cheaper than by truck. Isn't it amazing that the political factions of both parties want to build more roads and bridges in their districts; but locks and dams are pretty much ignored.

A barge broke loose from its mooring at the Tom Beville Lock and Dam on the Tennessee Tombigbee Waterway and jammed into a spillway gate that the Corps of Engineers cannot move. The barge lost a part of its bow and salvaging it intact is impossible. The Big River Shipbuilders Salvage Company sent a couple of tows and equipment for cleaning up this mess. It was the second mishap on the Tennessee Tombigbee in a week.

For folk music lovers who remember John Prine's "Paradise" crooning about Mr Peabody's coal train on the Green River may note that no coal is hauled on the Green River anymore. Peabody, Patriot, Armstrong and Murray no longer ship coal. This year American Consolidated Natural Resources (formerly Murray) closed shop and Wabash Marine let all of its employees go. Boats and barges are up for sale.

While a group of Amish tourists waited to rise to the top of the St Louis Arch, they enjoyed watching the Coast Guard, local police and fire fighters train for sundry emergency situations. They saw multiple rescues of people from the water, hijacked boats and other problems developed by the exercise managers. The participants did not have foreknowledge of what was to be asked of them.

The *American Jazz*, a river cruise boat, embarrassed itself while taking passengers on a lovely tour of river life when it firmly grounded on a sand bar. One hundred twenty travelers got to spend a pair of nights in Nashville compliments of the boat's owners.

To refloat the vessel, Coast Guard and other entities tried to lighten her load by removal of fuel. Two tows were unsuccessful in pulling the boat off the soft and muddy bottom. Fortunately, heavy rain raised the water level and the two tows finally pulled her free after a three hour struggle. She then raised steam and powered herself home. The US Coast Guard inspected the ship and verified it was fine, however, they are still investigating the grounding.



The Branson Duck Boat accident that killed 17 people who were trapped under the canvas roof as the boat sank was origi-

## Over the Horizon

By Stephen D.  
(Doc) Regan



nally dismissed by the Federal Courts saying that Table Rock Lake was not navigable under admiralty law and therefore it was not in Federal jurisdiction. Upon the recommendation of the Federal Judge, the case was sent to Missouri courts who charged criminal involuntary manslaughter against three men, Kenneth McKee, the Captain of the boat, Charles Baltzell, Operation Supervisor of Ride the Ducks, and Curtis Lanham, General Manager. McKee was also charged with first degree child endangerment.

The National Transportation and Safety Board chastised the Coast Guard for failing to enforce recommendations following a similar accident in 1999 that killed 13 people. The Coast Guard will catch hell again.

Ripley Entertainment, the owner of Ride the Ducks Branson, has already settled several lawsuits with victim's families. Virtually all Duck rides have stopped operation across the country.

Duck boats were designed during WWII as an amphibious craft that could be driven on land and on the water. Named DUKW for D (indicating a vehicle), U (utility), K (a designation for front wheeled drive) and W (for two powered axles). Of course, the GI called the DUKW "Duck." After the war entrepreneurs purchased hundreds for pleasure cruising around the nation.

Ninety percent of all goods sold in the world travel by water. Just to put it in perspective, 63% of Iowa's meat and ethanol (read that, corn driven) is exported and travels via inland waterways. Iowa ports, waterway businesses and industries proffer Iowa 101,000 jobs, \$5.2 billion in personal income, and \$18.7 billion in local, state and federal taxes. \$507.3 billion in goods are moved via rivers! This is according to the US Agriculture Department and the Iowa Corn Producers.

## Environment

The Corps of Engineers have developed a planned Fish Passage at Lock #22 in Missouri that will be the first of its kind on the Upper Mississippi. Such a project is designed to spread native species to upstream habitats. The idea has long been pondered but a viable solution has eluded the Corps. In conjunction with the Navigation Environmental Coordinating Committee biologists, environmentalists and a multitude of other entities, the Engineers have conceived a means for 30 different species to migrate to the upper river. This will also allow them to understand the migration patterns of Asian Carp.

What to do with the sand from dredging operations? Long an issue between inland waterway transport companies and environmentalists, the St Paul Engineer District came up with an ingenious concept to take sand from Pool #2 and build and restore habitat near Pig's Eye Lake. Hauling over 400,000 cubic yards of river bottom, LS Marine will create sand beaches, marsh habitat and vegetation to fabricate wind and wave protection and a thermal protection for waterfowl.

The Texas Transportation Institute's study on logistics provided significant information on America's carbon footprint. The study said trucks produce 154.2 tons per million ton miles, trains generate 21.2 tons per million ton miles and barges spew forth 15.6. As humanity continues to foul its own nest, we should pay attention to this.

## Gray Fleet

The fire that gutted the *USS Bon Homme Richard* (LHA-6) was deliberately set last July. A US sailor has been charged with arson and endangering a ship. The Navy is in preliminary hearings against one mariner and will make recommendations for a court martial.

Saildrone, an autonomous unmanned surface vehicle that is powered by wind and sun, is an element of Arctic research along with the Unmanned Surface Vehicle *Explorer*. Launched from Dutch Harbor in the Aleutians, vessels collect atmospheric, oceanographic and bathymetric data including CO<sub>2</sub> dissolved in the water, heat, radiation and atmospheric variables.

Since 2016, 46 total projects have been identified with six specifically focused on maritime dominion, according to the Navy League's *Seapower*. Domain topics include Maritime (semi) Autonomous Systems for Mine Countermeasures, Harbor and Maritime Surveillance and Protection, Upgrade of Maritime Surveillance (UMS), Deployable Modular Underwater Intervention Capability, Maritime Unmanned Anti-Submarine Systems, and European Patrol Corvettes (EPC).

One such project is a Greek led UMS mission with Bulgaria, Croatia, Cyprus, Ireland, Italy and Spain to enhance maritime surveillance, situational awareness and asset deployment. The EPC (corvette ship) is a 3,000-ton ship with an 18' draft that will be the primary model for missions.

The Cold War with Russia may be over but the rivalry between China and the United States is warming up. China has constantly decried US Navy presence in her backyard. The US maintains that China's hegemony drive is interfering with international sea lines of communication. Readers may remember comments made several months ago in this column citing the Navy's deliberation on the subject, "Is War with China Inevitable?" The frequent, often weekly, military harassment in the Western Pacific by Chinese People's Liberation Army Navy (PLAN) remains proof of China's intentions. China has rapidly built up islands from coral reefs and then claims them as part of their territory and sea lanes should be avoided as per international law and mandates. Under their perspective virtually all ocean between mainland China and the Philippines is within their control. Both former President Donald Trump and President Joe Biden have taken a hard line against China's aggression.

Michael Hanlon, Brookings Institute senior fellow on foreign relations, suggests that an oceanic war with China is a strong possibility. He maintains that the US superiority in amphibious and surface warfare is vulnerable to Chinese nuclear submarines that could wreak havoc on shipping in the western Pacific. On the other hand, he stated that such a threat is overblown and competition between the two nations will continue for a long time without breaking out in war.

*Hyman Rickover* (SSN-795) was christened on July 31 with Darleen Greenert breaking the traditional bottle of cham-

pagne against the submarine's hull. The Navy changed from submarines named after states to honor the Father of the Nuclear Navy, Admiral Hyman Rickover. The admiral was a hard nosed, no nonsense individual who demanded nothing less than perfection from his men and his ships. And the Admiral indeed considered nuclear ships HIS and not the Navy's.

All potential nuclear officers had to pass a personal interview with Rickover. One captain shared a story of his ordeal. He had an appointment at a specific day and time and he meticulously prepared for the tribulations about to pass his way. He sat and sat for several hours, fearing even to go to the bathroom for fear of missing his turn. At the end of the day he was still sitting in the hall when a janitor told him he was locking up the building.

The next day the frightened potential skipper sat and sat for hours before finally being ushered into Rickover's office where he was instantly hammered with questions about everything from nuclear physics to seamanship. It was a brutal assault. He was quickly shown out of the office. He waited and waited but received no word whether he passed the scrutiny of the admiral. One day he simply got orders for submarine duty. No letter, no phone call, no nothing. Evidently he passed muster.

With the *Rickover* christened and out to sea for a year's worth of trial runs and tests before commissioning, the *USS Iowa* (SSN-797) is next in line. Capt Pete Welch (USNR, SC ret), a bubble head himself and chair of the *USS Iowa* Commissioning Committee, attended the christening and obtained experience about the celebration. He also had a chance to visit the *Iowa*'s crew and Quinton James, prospective Commanding Officer. As a member of the Committee I am anxiously awaiting our chance to show off our state and our ship. We hope that in early 2022 we will be enjoying the weather of New England.

### Merchant Fleet

The more technologically oriented our businesses develop, the more pirates and bad guys work it to their advantage. This month's US Naval Institute's *Proceedings* had a pair of articles about pirates and rogue nations using drones for spotting merchant ships. Worse, they are obstructing the GPS systems to attack freighters on the high seas.

The Defense Department's diligent work within the National Security Agency and the US Cyber Command on cyber attacks evidenced the need to move beyond the Navy's realm and into the public domain. As shipping is depending more and more on high tech communications and guidance, the creativity of pirates is increasing. The Merchant Fleet's creation of unmanned ships is at high risk of being electronically highjacked.

Two thousand eighteen cyber disruptions in San Diego and Barcelona as well as constant ransomware attacks "underscore the vulnerability of these interlocked modes of economic movement," John Grady wrote in a *USNI News* column taken from statements made by Capt Jason Tama and Heli Tiirmaa-Klaar, Estonian ambassador at large for cyber diplomacy.

Rather ironically, today's Merchant Fleet, a blog on sea issues, discussed the significance of modern computerization, "Today's telematics and GPS tracking technology is one of a fleet manager's most powerful tools in gathering measurable, actionable data about their fleet. By monitoring trip data, vehicle systems

information and driver behavior, he can identify key areas of improvement to drive cost savings and improve safety. Merchants fleet telematics are easily scaled and customized to suit specific business and industry needs, so fleets of varying sizes and configurations can all benefit from this accurate, high performance technology. Combining GPS technology and integrated telecommunications, telematics provides real time and historic snapshots to help manage expenses, utilization, productivity, compliance and safety. The system sends, receives and stores information about each vessel. Emissions, speed and idle times, system diagnostics and much more can be easily monitored."

Methinks I missed my calling. An ad in *Sea History* cited job openings aboard tall ships. Two of the large sailing ships in Maryland need deckhands, Beacon, New York, needs seasonal crew, a second mate, engineer, bosun, cook and deckhands and Suttons Bay's *Inland Seas* needs a mate and cook, while Gray Harbor, Washington's *Lady Washington* needs general deckhands. Other openings are available in Rhode Island, California and Massachusetts.

Of course, in my day they had jobs for deckhands who could swab decks and chip paint. It was called the US Navy. The only problem was the four year contract. Worse, when I did enlist, I slept through marlinespike class. Other than a granny knot, I can't do squat with line. I even had to tie the square knot in my neckerchief and sew it shut so I wouldn't have to tie it again. It now rests in the Eastern Iowa Veterans Museum still sewn in a perfect square knot.

### Collisions and Allisions

*You Hai 16*, a Chinese vessel, collided with another ship and sank in the East China Sea. Six crew members were rescued.

*Barokah Jaya*, an Indonesian fishing vessel smacked into another Indonesian ship, *Habco Pioneer*, and quickly sank. Fifteen crewmembers were rescued but 17 were missing in the West Java Sea.

A Singapore flagged container ship, *Xpress Pearl*, suffered an explosion and raging fire before sinking near Colombo, Sri Lanka. Her crew were rescued by the Sri Lankan Navy. The wreck sits in about 70' of water with her superstructure above water.

A New York City ferry, *Commodore*, ran aground stranding her 100 passengers who were subsequently rescued. One crewmember was injured. The grounding was caused by mechanical failure. The heat from New York city commuters' ire may be responsible for storms in that region.

### History

The sternwheeler *J.P. Drouillard*, named for a Tennessee industrialist, was a handsome boat 165' in length with a beam of 31' and draft of almost 5' powered by Hegewald engines with 14" pistons with a 5' stroke. The paddle wheeler had two boilers that were fired by both wood and coal. She had tall smokestacks that could be lowered to pass under small bridges. She had a peculiarly deep whistle and a bell from another boat that was being dismantled.

The boat, usually running between Nashville and Madrid, Missouri, lived a short span of 11 years. Her initial Master, Captain W.R. Gracey, had a stroke and was taken to his hometown of Eddyville, Kentucky, where he died. Captain Clem Matheney, of New

Albany, Indiana, suddenly dropped dead at the wheel. All things considered, the *J.P. Drouillard* was not a lucky boat.

A grand old lady of the inland waterways was a steamboat built by the Howard Shipyard of Indiana and named after the president of the firm, Henry C. Haarstick. Unlike the packets of the era, the *Henry C. Haarstick*, built in 1897, was a tugboat measuring 115'x22' and needed 8.5' of water to float. Her single 8' propeller was powered by a 20" piston.

Her owners decided to have a trial run, ignoring the old dictum of never sailing on a Friday, and she immediately ran into a barge when her engine would not reverse. Nevertheless, the tug operated out of St Louis for 29 years.

Over the years she changed owners several times and was totally rebuilt in 1926 and changed from her old steam power to a diesel. Her new name was *C.F. DeBardeleben* and she continued to ply the waters until 1952 when she sank. Raised and rebuilt by the Alexander Shipyard of New Orleans, the boat still had the pointed bow and rounded stern of a tugboat but her wooden cabin and wheelhouse were gone and replaced with steel.

In 1957 she was renamed the *Chandeleur* and continued working the Ohio River. In 1967 she was photographed on the Ohio. At the age of 70 the old boat was still working. That's a pretty good work history.




The story goes that around 80 AD a merchant vessel sailing with a cargo of garum (a highly priced spicy fish sauce) ran into a mighty storm that cascaded water over the gunwales and threatened the ship. The captain immediately ordered that the clay jars arranged on the open deck be tossed overboard to lighten the boat. Unfortunately, two merchants who owned the amphora fought over whose products were to be jettisoned. The captain broke up the fight and said that regardless of which jars were lost, both would share the fiscal cost equally. Thus was born the maritime law of General Average.

Since then the custom has been the rule. It came to the fore recently when the *M/V Ever Given* became lodged in the Suez Canal. Many shippers lost valuable time and good market prices because they were trapped behind the ship. Others skipped the canal and merely went around the Cape of Good Hope, adding time and fuel costs. Naturally, the maritime lawyers drooled over the situation because the vast monetary lawsuits flew fast and furiously.

According to Michael Rauworth, one of those maritime attorneys, General Average, will be enforced. Actual calculations of individual values and TEUs will be time consuming and complicated. Quoting the lawyer, "These decisions are usually arrived at by members of a select priesthood of maritime lawyers and marine insurance practitioners known as 'average adjusters'."





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The explanation in a recent edition of *Sea History* was comprehensive but easily understood by a layman (or laywomen). Mr Rauworth is a Boston maritime attorney and a Coast Guard licensed Master based on his 200,000 nautical miles as a deck officer and he has been a Captain of the Coast Guard Reserve for over 30 years. He also teaches marine insurance at the Massachusetts Maritime Academy.

While we all know about the Underground Railroad and the process of slaves escaping to the north and possible freedom despite the Fugitive Slave Act, historians have paid little to no attention to sailing to freedom. Many slaves in the deep south had little chance to run away successfully without significant assistance. The extreme distance, the need for food and ability to hide for many, many days made such an effort virtually impossible. Those on border states that were closer to free states and an active abolitionist group had a greater chance of survival.

Many slaves along the Atlantic Coast were used as stevedores, longshoremen or wharf workers where they learned the skills of sailing, tides and currents. It was manageable to steal a small fishing boat and head to sea looking for the Gulf Stream to carry them north. Others would curry favor with New England fisherman docking for supplies or unloading cargo. Many northerners were abolitionists and found ways to hide run-

aways. One man was befriended by the crew of a steamer taking a load of cotton back to New England. They piled the cotton bales in such a fashion to make a hole for the slave to hide within and provided food and necessities for the trip.

Thomas Jones escaped North Carolina aboard the *Bell* heading to New York. Upon arrival he was discovered by the Chief Mate. Jones tossed some connected boards over the side and tried to ride this impromptu raft to the harbor but he was chased by the Chief Mate. New York fishermen recognized the situation and intervened, taking Jones aboard and out rowing the *Bell's* crew.

The Fugitive Slave Act of 1793 and refined in 1850 required anyone knowing of an escaped slave to return them to the owners or to tell their whereabouts to authorities. Vigilante groups roamed the south looking for rogue slaves and received ample rewards for their actions. This was a national legal issue so authorities in the north were supposed to act responsibly. This, however, was mostly ignored to the point that newspapers had a boilerplate ad that was published stating the captains of vessels that had carried runaways had no knowledge of the "stowaways" and had no knowledge of their whereabouts. The ad simply changed the name of the skipper for each incident and therefore the Master had completed his legal obligation.



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## Frame Up

### The TVA Garvey is Launched

The Topsfield Vocational Academy students have worked tirelessly for over a year building their garvey throughout the pandemic (when restrictions allowed). While learning to use hand and power tools, the students explored the rich history and culture of Essex shipbuilding while also acquiring essential life skills. Their efforts came to fruition late summer when all involved gathered at the museum's ramp on the site from which Essex's most prolific ship builder, Arthur D. Story, launched over 300 fishing schooners and sundry other wooden ships between 1872 and 1932.

### Topsfield Vocational Academy

The Topsfield Vocational Academy provides students with an opportunity to enhance their middle school or high school educational experience with hands on vocational training. The program offers smaller sized vocational and academic classrooms for students who need social, emotional and behavioral interventions. Students learn to make responsible choices and develop self control.



Back is installed. Under the middle of the back seat is a keyway for the towing post. Fitting inwale, spacer blocks installed.

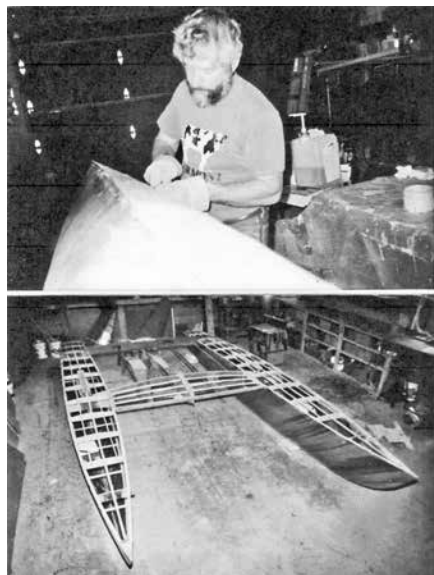


Helm is installed. Working on console and steering cable.



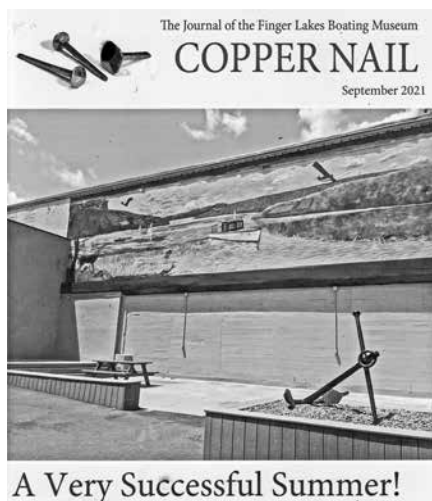
FLBM members and friends continue to share their knowledge of Finger Lakes boat builders. Recently Dennis Hogan, Town of Gorham historian, sent information on boat builder John Rogers (1945-2021) of Canandaigua. In 1980 Rogers decided to build a Shark class wooden catamaran. No one was manufacturing new ones and sailors were finding it difficult to have their older boats repaired according to John Carter, a staff reporter for the *Messenger*, in an article written in the fall of 1981. Rogers, armed with information from the book *The Gougeon Brothers on Boat Construction* began the four month process of building a Shark. When he brought the first completed Shark to the American Shark Association (ASA) that year the boat was carefully measured in and John was awarded sanctioning by the ASA to build future Sharks, starting with number 600 named *Thuja*. (Thuja is the genus for western red cedar.)

In a *Wooden Boat* magazine article, "A Shark with Teeth" (1986, #69 pgs 29-32), John wrote, "In the evenings, after finishing working as a housing contractor, I would come home and pore over boat building manuals (p32)." He first built a select pine mold and then stapled two layers of cedar veneer onto it. He and his spouse Linda applied the fiberglass cloth and epoxy. As any boat builder knows, multiple layers of finish and many hours of sanding were involved. The beam, holding the two hulls together, was made of a strong Honduras mahogany. It was covered with epoxy and varnish to prevent the sun from damaging the boat's skin. The completed Shark weighed 510lbs, measuring 20' long and 10' wide. The two hulls folded together to form a 5' wide beam making it easier to transport. The Shark that John built was stiffer and lighter than the fiberglass predecessors, making it perform better. Subsequent boats he built weighed closer to the minimum class weight of 450lbs.



John Rogers working on his Shark catamaran.

Then, it was time to race. In an interview with FLBM, Linda said the Shark was "very competitive, both with handicapping and boat for boat racing, with newer designed cats of similar size." The Shark is capable of reaching 22 knots. John and Linda entered the new Shark in many regattas from the Northeast and Michigan down to the Florida Keys,



A Very Successful Summer!

## Canandaigua Shark Boat Builder John Rogers



competing in the Open Class against similar cats and usually winning. They placed in the American Shark Association Nationals more than once.

John started his boat building career, according to Linda, with a strip canoe. After his first Shark was completed in 1981, he built 11 or 12 more over winter seasons when he wasn't building houses. The last boat John built was a F-720 (Farrier design) trailer tri-maran which was 24' long, also using the WEST Epoxy System he learned and taught.

John, like many other builders, also spent some time in the classroom as a teacher. Eventually deciding to share his boat building knowledge with other adults, he taught evening classes at a BOCES facility for many years until at least 2001. He had 10-15 students in each class for ten weeks and they built a variety of boats. Through these classes, John helped to pass on boat building skills.

John's love of sailing began as a teenager when he took sailing lessons at the Canandaigua Yacht Club. He left SUNY Albany early to join the US Navy during the Vietnam War and served on the *USS Forrestal* and the *USS Independence*. He completed his education at SUNY Geneseo with a teaching degree. He went on to captain sailboats on vacation cruises and write articles about Sharks for the *Multihull Sailor* magazine *Cat Sailor* and the ASA publication *The Shark Tale*.

It is evident that John's early love of being on the water continued throughout his life and he shared that feeling with others through his building, racing, writing and teaching. FLBM is pleased to add John Rogers to our list of boat builders on the Finger Lakes.

Below, the completed Shark whips up water in a race and enjoying the Shark as a leisure craft.



## Finn Ward's Experiences with Naples Boat Builder Pat Smith

Finn Ward, a student with Walden Project NY in 2018-19, recounts his first time entering Naples boat builder and museum volunteer Pat Smith's West Hollow Boat Company shop on his way to building a cedar strip canoe. The Walden Project is a year long educational experience for high school and gap year students located at Cumming Nature Center in Naples, New York. They offer "interdisciplinary education in an outdoor setting with an emphasis on academic independence and freedom." The excerpt below is from Finn's essay entitled, "Seen as One, Yet the Sum..." pub-

lished by *Wooden Canoe Journal* and online by *Owl Light News* at <https://www.owllight-news.com/seen-as-one-yet-the-sum/>. Finn also spent some time this summer volunteering at FLBM working with the facilities committee and in the restoration shop.

"First, I met Mr Smith to see his shop and talk a little bit about the history of the cedar canvas canoe. The shop is exactly what you'd expect. It is warmed by a wood stove with a coffee pot on top and full of the scent of cedar. Canoe forms, old canoes in repair, canoes hung from the ceiling, tools, cedar dust and all kinds of cool old quotes and



pictures are tacked to the walls. Mr Smith explained how the design comes from the Native American birch bark canoe, favorite shapes being from the Malecite and Ojibway people. We will be using painted canvas in place of the bark and tacks and nails instead of spruce root lashings and American horn-beam pegs, but otherwise most of the materials are identical.

He discussed how the first cedar canvas canoes were built in Maine and the technique adopted by the Canadians. He spoke of the first builders, like E.H. Gerrish, E.M. White, B.N. Morris and, of course, the Old Town Canoe Company. He even showed me canoes that he was restoring that were over a hundred years old. I could tell how much Mr Smith admired the workmanship of the old builders and how he felt connected to them. As he described each boat his hands moved along the thwarts to the gunwales and on to the carved decks. His connection to these men and the boats they built is powerful. They may have been forgotten by some, but not by Mr Smith. I glanced over to Dad, nodded and he smiled. We both knew this was going to be incredible.



Finn Ward and Pat Smith at West Hollow Boat Company, Naples, New York.

## Steamboat Mary Bell's Bell Added to Permanent Collection

The ship's bell from the Keuka Lake steamboat *Mary Bell* (1892-1922) has recently been donated to the museum by Sue Brace in memory of her husband David. The bell was purchased by her grandfather when the boat was dismantled. It was an anniversary gift to his wife as they had traveled on the boat during their honeymoon.

The *Mary Bell* was named after Lake Keuka Navigation Company owner Charles Drake's wife and was built in Hammondsport by the Union Dry Dock Co of Buffalo. One hundred and fifty feet long with a steel hull and twin propellers, she was a state of the art steamboat when completed. She was dismantled in 1931, years after being taken out of service.

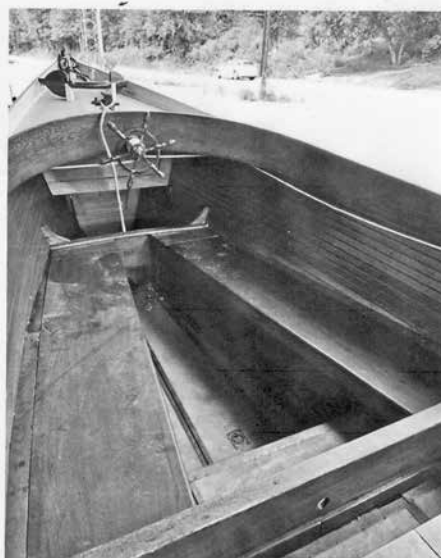


## Pat II's Triumphant Return to Skaneateles!

The *Pat II* made a triumphant return to Skaneateles Lake at the Skaneateles Antique and Classic Boat Show held July 23-25. The *Pat II* spent many years, from the mid-1950s to 1991, plying Skaneateles waters as a postal mail delivery and tour boat. The FLBM is grateful to Ben and Bill Eberhardt for offering the use of the Mid-Lakes Navigation dock for mooring during the festivities. Event organiz-

ers were extremely gracious to the FLBM staff and crew during the entire show.

Top right is the *Pat II* moored next to the *Judge Ben Wiles*. Below left is honored guest and World War II veteran Bob Gong, age 103, and his wife Holly onboard the *Pat II*. Below right is the *Pat II* at the Mid-Lakes dock with the *Barbara S. Wiles*, the current mail and tour boat on the lake.



## Alonzo Springstead Launch Mabel on Loan to Museum

Noted for building the majority of the Finger Lakes steamboats, Alonzo Springstead (1844-1939) and the Springstead family of Geneva also built smaller watercraft. One example is the *Mabel*, a 26'x6' launch built in 1919 out of cypress and oak.

In the late 1980s or early '90s Steve Naimoli of Geneva found *Mabel* in a boat-house on the east side of Seneca Lake. Later stored at Nichols Restoration in Branchport, it was finally loaned to the Museum. *Mabel* is a Finger Lakes treasure, built by a legendary boat builder of the region. Worth mentioning is that Alonzo's grand nephew, Duncan Springstead, is a Board member and restoration volunteer at the museum!



The last installment of our tale in the July/August issue closed with the question, “Can summer really be that close? We had hoped that the long awaited relaunch of *Marvel/Sunnyside/Susan* was just a few weeks away in July 2021. Then the Sea God version of Murphy stepped in to thwart that goal.

### Medically Scuppered

Two significant medical problems conspired to set back the restoration project just as we approached home plate.

George Schuld, our talented boatwright and centerboard expert, suffered a tragic industrial accident that nearly cost him the thumb on his right hand. This would have him out of action for all of the summer and unable to install his incredible computer designed and fabricated G10 centerboard into the Olde Girl until September.

About the same time my doctor discovered a large, potentially malignant, tumor growing in my upper right thigh. (a rare liposarcoma). This was successfully removed on June 16 and turned out to be benign. But hospitalization and recovery would have me out of action for over a month. Insurance rules prevented *Marvel*'s volunteer restoration team from working on the boat unless I was present.

We held out hope that we could recover from these setbacks and have *Marvel* relaunched in September. This plan was thwarted when I contracted bacterial streptococcus pneumonia that had me virtually bedridden for yet another four weeks until mid August. So much for a fall launch.

As you read this (written in September) restoration work has resumed. The revised plan has all work scheduled to be completed before the snow flies so that we can celebrate a marvelous relaunch in late April or early May 2022. As my neurosurgeon friend says in the OR prior to all of his surgeries, “What could possible go wrong?”

### Progress Unthwarted

Fortunately several tracks continued during the restoration's medical hiatus. At the risk of being redundant, readers will recall that our marvelous mystery tour rolls along three tracks:

Track 1: Chronologically traces the boat's provenance from the present backward, i.e., a Top Down research approach.

Track 2: Chronologically traces the boat's provenance from her build date (1904?) forward, i.e., Bottom Up.

Track 3: Chronologically traces the current restoration project from acquisition to relaunch.

Former owner Jeff Megerdichian, and Kathryn Greene and Tom Krasniewicz, two of the children of former owner, Walter Krasniewicz, continued to supply Track 1 input.

Simultaneously Track 2 continued to chug along thanks to the generous efforts of historians Stan Grayson, Joe Chetwynd and to Dave Crosby, great great grandson of the builder H.F. Crosby. As you will see, new information from both of these Tracks has contributed further to the marvelous mystery swirling around this historic catboat and, in some cases, have actually deepened the mystery.

### Track 1 Update

Kathryn Greene, on a trip east from her California home, along with Tim, her Connecticut based brother, journeyed to Westport Point, Massachusetts, and spent a day inspect-

## A Marvelous Mystery

### In Pursuit of a Catboat Legend

By John Conway

### Part 8: Restoration Progress Thwarted

ing the boat they knew in their childhood as *Sunnyside*. This was the first time either of them had seen the boat since approximately 1987. It turned out to be quite a valuable and emotional visit.



Figure 1: Kathryn Green and Tom Krasniewicz inspect the boat they knew as *Sunnyside*. “I can’t believe she still exists,” a skeptical Tim whispered. Kathryn echoed Tim’s sentiment.

Many tales of family adventures and misadventures spilled forth as the pair explored the boat (more of these in a future installment). Relative to the restoration they were able to point out modifications made “post Walter” and in so doing identified holes, cutouts and other physical artifacts that had had us wondering “I wonder what used to be here?”



Figure 3: A Shipmate #1 stove came with the collection of loosely boxed artifacts when we took ownership of the boat. It could not be placed in the current cabin layout as it did not align with the flue pipe passing through the hole. (Figure 4)

Figure 4: With the flue pipe misaligned there was no place to mount her Shipmate #1 stove.



After some debate between the siblings it was decided that someone post Walter had reconfigured the cabin layout to accommodate a newer galley cabinet. In so doing they had eliminated a place for the stove. Kathryn and Tim agreed, however, that the stove was once located on the starboard side of the old girl beneath the flue pipe.



Figure 2: One observation regarded the placement of the hole in the cabin roof for a flue pipe and “Charlie Nobel” (smokestack for the coal stove).

Figure 5: A photograph of *Sunnyside* at Mystic Seaport, circa 1980 with Walter Krasniewicz proudly sitting in her cockpit, confirms this. The Charlie Nobel is indeed located on the boat's starboard cabin roof. So the Shipmate #1 must have been located directly beneath on a shelf of some sort.



"I bet your dad would be upset that the stove had been removed after all of the effort he had invested in *Sunnyside's* resurrection and renovation, eh?" I offered.

With a bit of a wink, Kathryn replied, "I don't think so. He never cooked anything on that thing as far as we know. Don't you remember the cartoon that Peter Wells drew? That says it all."



Figure 6: Elimination of the Shipmate stove would probably not bother Walter.

Additional comments and point outs made by brother and sister now allow us, where appropriate, to restore the "pre and during Walter" position of a number of missing hardware items (cleats, cabin items, etc) now that we know what went into the voids left by their removal.

During the visit, Kathryn and Tim were joined by Dave Crosby and his wife Michelle. They all posed for an historic photo that effectively spans the years from the boat's building through the late 1980s.



Figure 7: (L to R) Michelle Crosby, Andy Crosby, Kathryn Greene and Tim Krasniewicz pose by the boat's helm.

For those of us involved in the boat's current restoration it was by all accounts a very memorable day.

### Track 2 Update

Just before I took ill, historian/author Stan Grayson was becoming convinced that our restoration boat might not be the *Marvel*, even though her title documents from 1904 say otherwise. Stan has referred to the

QYC Annuals that show Daniel and Charles Crosby (D&CH Crosby) as *Marvel's* builders and that the H.F. Crosby builder's plate on our boat is a better representative of her actual provenance.

To validate Stan's beliefs, I reached out to historian Joe Chetwyn. I knew that he had access to the QYC Annuals. I wrote to him asking if he would be interested in examining the Annuals to determine if they identified any D-Class boat built by H.F. Crosby. His response exceeded our expectations.

Joe replied, "John, I have excerpted all the Crosby-built vessels from the QYC enrollments. For each year I have listed the Crosby vessels enrolled per year and noted their particulars, including which of the several Crosbys who built them. I would note that the names are as follows:

DH & CH Crosby Cotuit, MA  
D & CH Crosby, Osterville, MA  
H. Crosby Osterville, MA  
H.F. Crosby, Osterville, MA  
C.E. Crosby S Orleans, MA  
Wilton Crosby, Osterville, MA  
N. Crosby, Osterville, MA

A few days later, a thick three ring binder arrived in the mail. In it Joe had compiled copies of all of the QYC Annuals from 1890 through 1914, the last year they published these remarkable yearbooks. (Figure 8)



Figure 8: Historian Joe Chetwyn supplied a compilation of QYC Annuals from 1890 to 1914.

From Joe's incredible find (and assuming that the data in the Annuals are accurate, more on this later.) we now know that *Marvel* was built in 1894 (!) not 1904 as her 1904 registration papers claimed; That she was initially owned by a Mr Reed (1894), later co-owned by both Reed and a Mr A.A. Lincoln (1902), then by A.A. Lincoln alone (1903) until Ira Whittemore came along in 1904.

In other words, Ira Whittemore, one of the creators of the D-Class of catboats, bought *Marvel* as a ten year old used boat. Throughout all of these years the Annuals identify Daniel and Charles H. Crosby as her builders not H.F. Crosby. Can we depend on the accuracy of the QYC Annuals? Not necessarily.

In the case of *Marvel*, for example, her listed dimensions vary (slightly) from year to year: 24.6'x24.0'x11.5' (1902), 25'x24'x11.3' (1903), 24.7'x23'x11.3' (1904) and when sold in 1907 24.6'x24'x11.0'. Apparently the QYC left it up to the boat owners to supply the specifications.

So it is conceivable that *Marvel's* builders may have been listed incorrectly from year to year as well. Perhaps that is why Ira Whittemore, when he sold her in 1907, decided to identify her as a Crosby boat without boatwright attribution.

All of this does raise the question though, "If we are not currently restoring *Marvel*, what catboat are we restoring? To investigate this, and assuming the HFC builder's plate on our boat was originally "original," we pored through the QYC records to identify club member catboats identified as H.F. Crosby boats.

The QYC Annuals list only three HFC catboats, *Ida J* (1890), *Wenonah* (1888) and *Elaine* (1890). Only one of these, *Elaine*, owned in 1902 by a J.P. Bainbridge and in 1904 by Harry C. Brownell raced as a D-Class cat, and for only one race during the inaugural year of D-Class racing, 1904. Curiously someone has crossed out the entry for *Elaine* in the only 1904 QYC Annual we have (Figure 10). Was this the work of a race victor annotating his Annual? Maybe.

We do know that after 1904 *Elaine* and Harry C. Brownell disappear from the QYC Annuals. Were they given the proverbial boot? Did Brownell switch clubs? Yet another mystery.

### The Research Hunt Goes On

Is *Sunnyside* really *Elaine*? Were *Marvel's* QYC D&CH Crosby builder attributions wrong over all of those years? Many on our team believe we have the *Marvel*. There are just too many coincidences. Yet, when Walter found her she carried an H.F Crosby builder's plate not a D&CF Crosby plate.

Some in the Catboat Associations claim that we can't always rely on the builder's plate to determine provenance. Apparently the Crosby clan were sometimes known to have the last family member who worked on the boat (could be as simple as the member who painted her) affix their own, unique plate.

While we may never know the true identity of *Sunnyside*, undaunted detectives that we are, we will continue to follow several Track 2 threads in hopes of resolving this marvelous mystery.

The first thread depends on whether the Marine Registration Division of the State of Connecticut has luck in tracing *Marvel* from her last known stop in that state. The second effort will focus on determining the history and provenance of the D-Class boat *Elaine*. Why was she raced for only one year? Who was Harry C. Brownell? Was he any relation to the famous boat transportation Brownell's of Mattapoisset? Did the *Elaine* somehow also end up in Connecticut as did *Marvel* for Walter K to later discover and resurrect?

The quest, and the marvelous mystery goes on.

(To Be Continued)



# JGTSCA



## At Our Community Boathouse

By Phil Behney

Two dories have been available this past season to members at the Avery Point sailing beach, the *Professor Jones* and #4 *Dory Pat*. They each had a pair of oars tucked under the thwarts. We welcomed students and faculty to use the boats (with supervision). The dories had combination locks for safety/security reasons. There were extra oars and life jackets in the boathouse. Users were requested to be safe and respect the privilege we have to use the beach. A big thanks to Phil and Prescott for making this happen.

I stopped at the boathouse a few evenings to clean up from working on the boats and to continue shop projects including the Swampscott dory. I had to do a temporary step repair on the side deck and there were many more outside maintenance issues that needed attention including exterior paint, a large sinkhole to be filled behind the building, window replacement plus some siding repairs here and there. I felt it behooved us to do as much as possible without involving the school to keep the outside appearance good so we wouldn't bring unfavorable attention to our shop.

The racks at Mystic Shipyard East (MSYE) were becoming overgrown with the wild bamboo again, I had already cleared it once this year and several times last year and welcomed any help in that area, too.

Member and Webmaster John Hacunda heard my call to control the bamboo and responded with the following:

"I got a chance to chop down the bamboo shoots and disposed of the cuttings in the boatyard dumpster after asking permission from an employee. I also brought down a couple of swimming noodles and put them in the garage. I find they act as nice rollers if I'm launching a boat by myself. As I was finishing the work, Ron and Lee Reinhart arrived to launch their kayaks. Ron mentioned that he might like to revive his bicycle powered pontoon boat build sometime.

Fair winds, John"

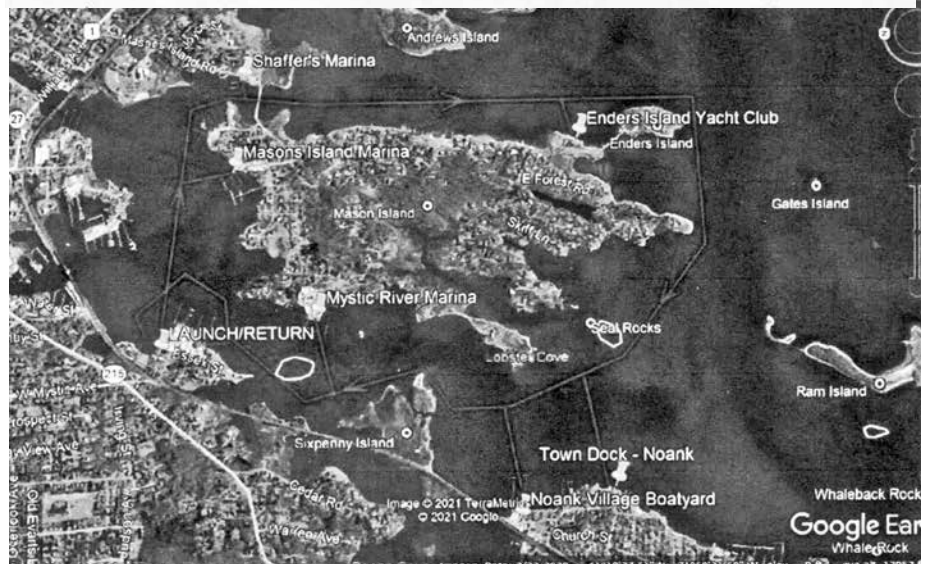
## John Gardner Traditional Small Craft Association

Welcome to John Gardner  
Traditional Small Craft Association

Visit us at the Community Boat House: Building #36 UCONN Avery Point  
1084 Shennecossett Rd, Groton, CT 06340

Local: [www.JGTSCA.org](http://www.JGTSCA.org) [www.facebook.com/JGTSCA](https://www.facebook.com/JGTSCA)

National: [www.TSCA.net](http://www.TSCA.net)



## The Circumnavigation of Masons Island by Oar

As organized by Professor (Ret) Stephen Jones to commemorate the row to the first John Gardner Small Craft Conference and Rowing Workshop in 1970, this row took a collection of rowing craft around Masons Island. Albeit in the opposite direction from Mystic Seaport from his boatyard at Willow Point, the spirit was there. It blew blustery the weekend before when we commemorated the 50th Anniversary on Australia Beach at Mystic Seaport Museum. A week later the weather was beautiful, clear, in the 70s with a light southwesterly to give some air.



Steve hands charts to Bill Meier, Matt McKenzie, Brian Cooper and Nicholas Alley.

The craft were many and varied, ranging from Steve's Chamberlain skiff from 1971 to a sleek new CLC sliding seat rowing craft. In between the craft varied from short and stout to slim and sleek. Sort of like the folks who rowed them...



Steve, Tim and Stewart lead in *Egret*, Bill Meier's freshly varnished Natoma skiff.

But let's let the folks who participated describe the adventure in dispatches as received immediately after the event:

This from Steve himself, "The rounding of the Monastery was fog free but the recent opening of the Noank Harbor short cut channel to the east poured wake wallowers in closer than I'd anticipated. The Chamberlain rose to the damp occasion and never a sip spilled over her bow! In *Egret* we had a new crew (my originals having gigs on the St Lawrence River and at Block Island). And this was her first voyage in several years so we had stuff to figure out (the added weight brought her down a seam from her soaking up regimen). But all in all nobody drowned

and no vessel sank! Thanks for your help. It seems such a long time since we all met at the Bat Cave on this project two years ago!"

And from fellow organizer Dane Rochelle, "All seems to have gone well. Even the 'Cape Horn'/Masons Point passage went without incident and actually kind of invigorated the group's sense of adventure. Rowing against about a two knot current is slow going but we made it. Group conversation in the shade back at the Yard following completion of the row finished the experience. A warm water foot soak in the backyard back home followed by a nap wrapped it up for me."

And from Sharon Brown, "Still high from the day. High and strangely not that tired. Probably feel it in my forearms tomorrow. See photo of Tim, Stewart and Steve in *Egret*, the Chamberlain dory skiff Barry Thomas launched in 1972 after taking John's first Thursday boat building class January-April 1971, and before coming to MSM in 1972. It was the second boat he built. Also, almost home after rowing around Mason's Island this morning, this was my first and only stop/respite. I needed to hydrate!! It was a slog in that silly little boat. But it is buoyant!! Designed to carry a load aft, bob like a yoyo and spin round and round. I kept thinking of all the wealthy yachtsmen who made it from the mooring and back with 'the partner' and a case of Budweiser or Schaefer's. I made it and wasn't last! Thank you for your encouragement. Didn't take my camera out of the bag or my hands off the oars. So phone is fallback, start, stop and home."



And later from Steve, "Postponed a year by covid and another week by the Memorial Day weather, we finally got the 50 year Reenactment of the row that in part kicked off the first Traditional Small Craft Workshop. With the Seaport not available an additional week, we used the lower estuary for our route, circumnavigating Mason's Island and in so doing circling Enders Island and Abigail's Hat ("No Wake Island") to return to West Mystic Woodenboat at Willow Point. Some of the flotilla even traversed the recent cut through Six Penny where the old 1930s CCC mosquito ditching has finally worn through."

The weather was perfect and the "Noank Wall" of fog that had hung off the estuary mouth the previous day was but a smattering of refreshing mist in the 78° temperature. There were some dozen or so boats in a variety of styles. The recently replanked Chamberlain dory skiff built by Barry Thomas 49 years ago more or less led the procession

and a small motorized 2 1/2hp outboard with a crew including two dogs served as convoy.

Rowers spotted three osprey nests with chicks and a small flock of foraging oyster catchers and a few egrets and mallards. Steep wakes of outbound cruisers tested the buoyancy and seamanship of the flotilla rounding the St Edmund's Monastery. Although some participants finished much earlier, the last of the flotilla was back within three hours.

Donuts were provided at the captain's meeting and watermelon and lemonade were served under sun umbrellas at the conclusion. I send you this in my best newsletter style. I would have liked to include names but where to stop? So many contributed. None of this, including the work by Andrew Guest and Dane on *Egret* and Sharon and Bob McKenna, Doc Sutphen and Ben on *Oar, Sail & Saw*, none of this would have happened had we not started it all a year ago!"

Dane Rochelle, Bill Meier and Sharon Brown follow Matt McKenzie at the launch.



The JGTSCA Board decided not to rent or sell an Avery Point Dory this year based on understanding that a major part of our mission is to provide access to these craft for our members. Part of that is the camaraderie of working together maintaining them, hauling them around to various rowing events and sharing them with new members. As access to the water becomes ever more limited, having the opportunity to share a boat that is simply slid into the water and back out again upon return is highly valued.

We strive to keep our dues, currently at \$15/year, very low by doing the maintenance work ourselves and encourage new members to join to use these traditional boats. The goal is in continuing the interest and use of traditional small craft. Some members go on to build their own. Interestingly, we are now seeing kayakers as they change their personal situations (dare I say get older?) reach out to embrace this non internal combustion way to enjoy time on the water.

We think it important to note that we members of the Traditional Small Craft Association use our boats, they are not treated as

## From the Side Deck

By Bill and Karen Rutherford  
Smallcrafter@gmail.com

fragile replicas. We do not sit around in lawn chairs and look at them but rather take them out, row and sail them and, if necessary, patch them back up again when wear occurs. Secondary to their use is the study and understanding of the skills necessary to build in the traditional manner.

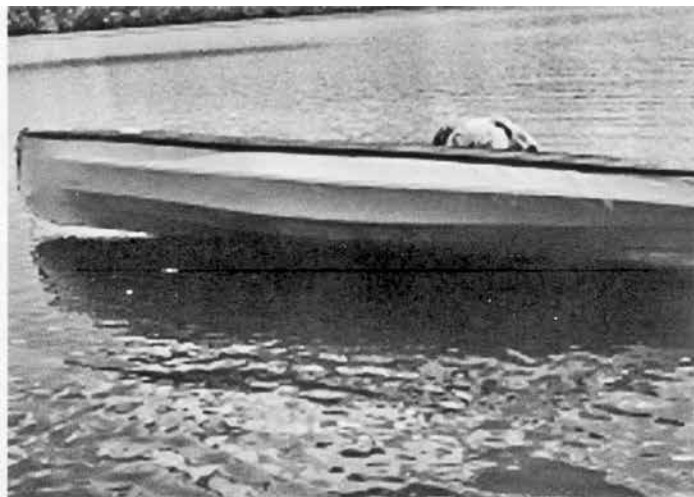
That being said, we are not rigorous as to the hull materials nor adhesives used. It is the shape of the hulls and their rigs that is important, the efficiency of which peaked just before the advent of the gasoline engine. These boats are seaworthy, easy to row and sail well with simple, fisherman style rigs. In short, the perfect multi purpose boats for today's young families who wish to enjoy life on the water free from internal combustion engines. That's how we started. A simple rowing boat with a sail added. Now our kids and grandkids all have their own.

We look forward to gathering again when fall arrives. In the meantime, enjoy your time out on the water with friends and family.

Our peapod at a lunch break during this year's small reach regatta in Brooklin, Maine.







## Self Rescue Practice Skin on Frame Rowboat

By Brian Cooper  
Photos by Judy Cooper

First rescue, no water came into the boat when capsized. Only a little water came into the boat during the rescue.

Second rescue, a lot of water came into boat during capsize but then boat righted itself. More water came in as I climbed back into boat. Water was now up to top of seats but there was still enough freeboard so boat could be bailed. Pink foam under seats for buoyancy limited the amount of water in boat. Used bailer for 100 bails and water level dropped to second chine. Still rowed well and fast with water in the boat.



## THE EAST END CLASSIC BOAT SOCIETY



This past summer we worked hard to be ready for the festival season this fall. New members learned skills and all enjoyed the open and mask free environment and being open to visitors once again.

### 2022 Raffle Boat

Work on the 2022 Raffle Boat progressed well, casting lead for the centerboard weight was a challenging process.



The 2022 boat got a coat of paint before being turned over for fitting the thwarts and floor boards.



### A Donated Beetle Cat

A donated Beetle Cat was renovated in preparation for offering. This work was done in our new boat shed, a great addition to our project space.



### A Donated Joel White Skiff

A donated Joel White Skiff was assessed for restoration by our crew.



With the dedicated and skillful effort of the crew the skiff was ready to be this year's raffle boat with a trailer and outboard!



## About Us

The East End Classic Boat Society was established to maintain and advance traditions of classic boat design, construction, maintenance and seamanship through education, demonstrations and sharing resources and ideas. We invite anyone who would like to join us at the Hartjen-Richardson Community Boat Shop in Amagansett, Long Island, New York. For those with no prior woodcraft experience, it's a chance to learn. For those with know how, it's an opportunity to use their skills to guide others. The cost of belonging is only \$35 a year.

Our group works to maintain traditional skills used to build and restore vintage era boats. Members come from all walks of life including metal workers, writers, cabinet-makers, artists, carpenters and doctors.

The society operates from a well appointed, modern building filled with a wealth of equipment, tools and machinery used to construct new boats of classic design and restore vintage watercraft.

The Hartjen-Richardson Community Boat Shop is located at 301 Bluff Rd, Amagansett, New York 11930. Our hours of operation are Wednesdays and Saturdays from 9am to 2pm. You can reach us at (631) 324-2490. We are looking forward to hearing from you. You can also contact us at our e-mail address: [rhartjen12@gmail.com](mailto:rhartjen12@gmail.com).



# Dick's Dad's Dories

By Dick Sleeper

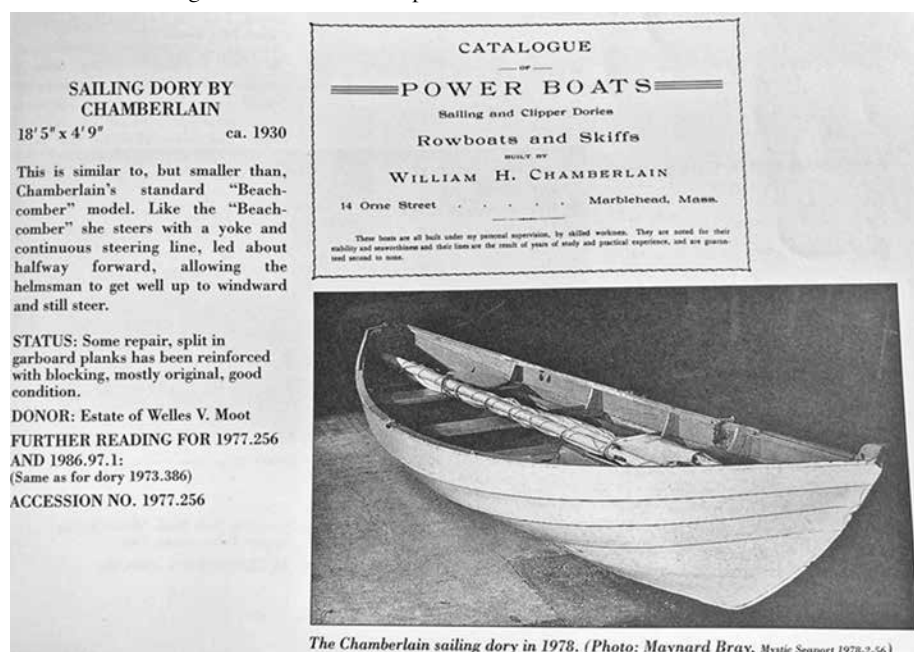
Here are a few observations about the place in my life of the Chamberlain dories built by my Dad, Tom Sleeper of Marblehead, brought on by our attendance at the wet and windy 50th Anniversary John Gardner Small Craft meet at Mystic Seaport last June.



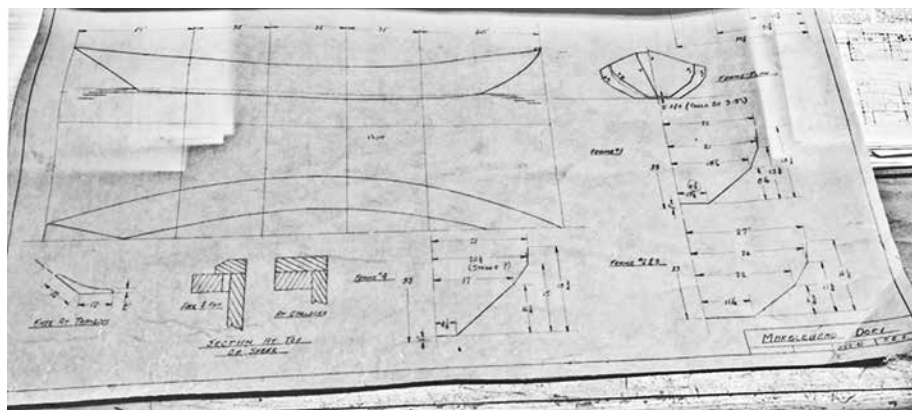
Bill Rutherford asked did I want to launch and let the 40mph winds batter my Dad's Chamberlain dory (second from left) against the dock all night or just leave it on the hard until the weather breaks? I opted for the latter.

## In the Collection

This is the only dory in Mystic Seaport Collections that closely resembles Dad's 1941 plan from which he built four Marblehead Chamberlain dories, differences being only 1" in length and beam, ie. negligible. No Mystic drawings exist of this lovely dory. I am asking them to put this on their list of things to do so we can compare.



The Chamberlain sailing dory in 1978. (Photo: Maynard Bray, Mystic Seaport 1978-2-56)



The 1941 Sam Swasey drawing from which Dad built all his four Chamberlains. I will happily mail copies of this drawing for cost of printing and mailing to anyone interested in hopes of keeping people building these beauties.



But later Jeannie Steigler and I went for an afternoon sail in her.



## Chamberlain Sailing Dory

If your grandfather had a summer home on the North Shore of Lake Erie in the 1920s and was looking for a small sailing and rowing boat...

...he might have been reading the pages of the boating magazines and decided that a sailing Swampscott dory from William Chamberlain's shop would fit his needs for a boat to sail off a beach into exposed open water. After all, enterprising dory builders from the Swampscott, Massachusetts, area had been adapting their proven designs to the recreational market for some time and making sure that the market knew about them.

William Chamberlain of Marblehead built dories for the middle class recreational buyer. The boats retained the features of the working Swampscott type, round sides for seaworthiness, flat bottoms for ease of construction and beaching and natural crook grown frames for strength. Recreational Swampscotts were built in sizes ranging from 10' tenders to 20' or longer half decked sailing boats.

This boat was purchased by Wells V. Moot and later donated to Mystic Seaport. It held up through 50 summers of rough use and survived under the weight of a collapsed barn and 35' snow drift. New England fishermen would not have been surprised.

18'5"x 4'9", Built ca 1930.





I worked on the *Friendship* of Salem from its beginnings in June of 1996 until I departed Scarano Boatworks in Albany in January of 1998. I was employed there starting in May of 1995 and worked on the schooner *America*, the yawl *Carlyn*, the schooner *Imagine* (since renamed *Adirondack III* and chartering from Rowe's Wharf). I also designed and built the 80' rigging shed for *Friendship* that stood on Pickering Wharf in Salem for 18 years.



On June 5, 2015, my sister, Barb Gorrill, and her husband took possession of the 1990 Tom Sleeper-built Chamberlain. They bought it from my Dad's cousin, Robert Till in Marblehead. He had maintained it perfectly. He moored it at Barnegat. It now happily swings off a pull line at her retirement home in Port Clyde, Maine. On the right are our now 25-year-old twins who were born the month work began on the *Friendship*, and my brother Dave.



Trying out cat ketch rig on dory during our Rockland vacation this past summer. Worked well.

Below, Fisherman's Beach in Swampscott ca 1905.



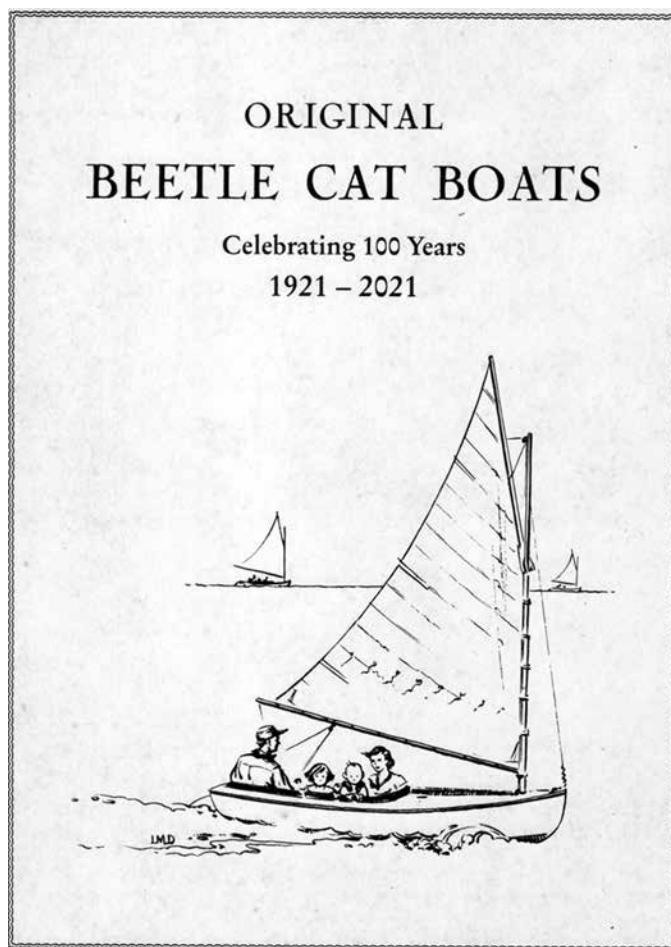
Dad seen here in South Thomaston, Maine, on the Weskeag River, a few steps from where he stayed at the Weskeag Inn for the 2003 Wooden Boat Show in Rockland. It was the next to last time I saw him alive. He had a fatal heart attack on his morning walk that August one day before he planned to attend the Salem Antique and Classic Boat Show. He had rowed the 15' dory around Naugus Head in Marblehead the day before.





"As long as people continue to get married and have children, Beetles will be built and sailed."

-John Beetle



Preparing for a junior race in 1924, the 1st year of the Duxbury "Bugs", and the first large fleet of Beetle Cats



1924 Duxbury fleet orders grew to 40 boats at a price tag of \$180. (Note: 2 sets of reef points were standard back then)



## A Century of Sailing



The Beetle Cat sail boat is the oldest one design in the world that is still being produced in wood and actively raced.

The year 1921 marks the 100<sup>th</sup> Anniversary of the Beetle Cat sailboat. This will make the Beetle Cat the oldest one design that has been continuously produced out of wood and continues to be competitively raced for the past 100 years. The boat continues to be handcrafted by true craftsmen working together using traditional methods to preserve the integrity and quality of the boat.

The boat is a big part of New England history, sailing, wooden boats, and wooden boat building. Its distinctive silhouette is known at a glance, the name brings back memories of learning to sail, first tries at the tiller and of course the smell of cedar, varnish and pine tar. It is the preservation of a handcrafted art form used to produce a sweet little boat out of a living tree

The Beetle Cat was born during the Spanish Flu pandemic in 1921, lived through the Big Depression 1929, World War II 1941 to 1945, The Korean War 1950 to 1953, Polio 1950, Small Pox 1955, The Cold War 1970, Vietnam 1961 to 1975 and now has reached the 100 year centennial during the COVID-19 pandemic 2020 to 2021. Quite a track record for a small 12'-0 wooden Catboat.

"It's a living thing. It's got a soul. This boat was born in New Bedford, MA." says Bill Womack, owner at Beetle Inc. "I am the 4<sup>th</sup> caretaker in 100 years. The boat is history"

The boat has survived multiple near misses on going out of production but through leaps of faith and pure determination the Beetle Cat has survived (See accompanying time line)

- 1) Carl Beetle walking away from John Beetle during the first years
- 2) John Beetle passed away in 1928 and Charles Beetle took over with son-in-law John Baumann
- 3) John Beetle and John Baumann passed away at the same time. Ruth Beetle then took over with the help of Leo Telesmanick
- 4) WW II--Concordia Purchased the rights to the Beetle Cat
- 5) Palmer Scott retired and forced Concordia to find another location
- 6) Leo Telesmanick Retired in 1983
- 7) Charlie York purchased rights to the Beetle Cat from Concordia
- 8) Bill Womack purchased rights to the Beetle Cat from Charlie York
- 9) ???????

It is our wish for the Beetle Cat to live in order for future generations to experience the same enjoyment and thrills and build family memories that so many have done over the past 100 years.

### Session #1, 8/20/21

For our first work session on the 1969 Old Town 15-footer four volunteers were here ahead of Hurricane Henri, Jeff Morrill, Stuart Fall, Chuck Cossaboom and Greg O'Brien. We stripped it down to the bare hull, inspected it for damage and made a list of tasks that need to be done. We found 24' of cracked and/or broken planking, some of which was cracked at the factory when it was built. Q.C. must have OK'd it and sent it along. We have not found any cracked or broken ribs.



Greg took one of the outwales home with him for a repair, there was a small gouge in one spot. If it were just a little bit smaller we could have sanded it out but it was going to need a little patch carefully fitted and glued in place.

The bow seat had been replaced at one time and it didn't match the stern seat which is in need of some repair. After some discussion we decided the best answer was to make up a new pair of matching seats, using the original stern seat for the pattern to make the parts. This will be my contribution.

This coming week we will purchase some western red cedar for the new planking, it will have to be milled to 1/8"x3" to match the original wood.

### Session #2, 8/28/21

We had a good crew of volunteers including Paul Charos, Chuck Cossaboom, Doug Deyoe, Stuart Fall, John Fiske, Ted Harrigan, Steve Hodge and Mike Parr. Everyone had a chance to swing the hammer and clinch some tacks. We installed 25' of new planking to replace that which we removed the week previous. Some rot was found in the tips of both stems and we are going to have to splice in some new wood, something we had not planned on.

## Norumbega Chapter WCHA News

From Steve Lapey

### 1969 Old Town Project Canoe

### Session #3 9/4/21

It was Labor Day weekend but there was no time off for our dedicated volunteers, Paul Charos, Chuck Cossaboom, Doug Deyoe, Steve Hodge and Bob Gorman. The goal for the day was to make repairs to the two stem ends which both had just a bit of rot starting to show. Better and easier to repair it now before the rot really gets out of hand! We also got a start on sanding the interior of the hull for new varnish. In the course of sanding, when the old varnish came off one rib showed up with a break in it, fairly close to the bow of the canoe. The rib will be replaced at our next session on September 18.



Steve, Paul, Bob and Chuck with the new wood glued and clamped.

The repair at the bow, the stern was done in the same manner. Now the original planking may be put back on but more likely new planking will be used.



### Sneak Preview for 2023

This is a long deck Charles River Court-ing canoe from an unknown builder. A gift to the Chapter by Vekko Huskonen of Hampstead, New Hampshire, this is a real "barn find." The mahogany decks are 54" long!



## Building Skin-on-Frame Double Paddle Canoes



HILARY RUSSELL

Valuable for building any skin-on-frame canoe, kayak, or rowboat. The unique chapter on using willow for ribs connects ancient techniques with modern materials and design.

"inspiring...very clear and concise... elegant simplicity..."

— Iain Oughtred

"...a logical progression...a good bibliography...and a list of sources."

— Nim Marsh, *Points East*

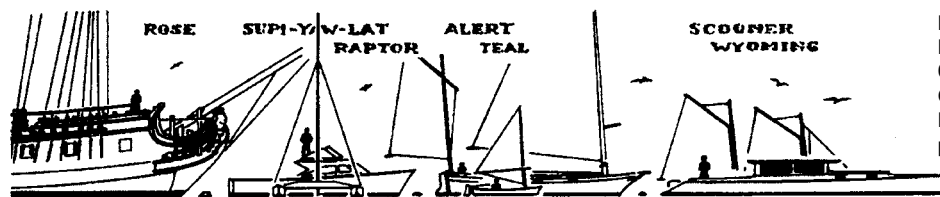
"...graceful and beautiful craft."

— Matt Murphy, Editor, *WoodenBoat*

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— George Dyson, Author of *Baidarka*

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## Phil Bolger & Friends on Design

### Design Column #562 in *MAIB* Retractable Rudder Build

This project pushed its way into the schedule since almost all sailboats need a rudder and this ancient fiberglass daysailer to someone else's design had one that just would not do. We had bought the hull complete with sails and well worn but all functional in the '90s to try out first thoughts on electric propulsion. While that led to Design #627 Lily, the original flip up rudder for this sloop had been lost by previous owners and replaced with a crude solid chunk of plywood covered in fiberglass matte, a hefty item, with even the tiller rigidly bolted to that blade. It was all a functional proposition with decent control under sail. But it was non retractable and also quite cumbersome to be carried aboard and then hung off the transom each sail. And living in a tidal cove, the ebb set her on the mud bottom. Many years later her new berth would be just like her old one, grounding out on the soft mud.

So, building a new flip up rudder would be a quick job, particularly since I already had a slightly oversized rudder blade on hand, actually a centerboard for a stillborn sailing canoe, a piece well shaped and well done, carefully stored since forever. Here it would draw about 6" less than the centerboard.

It's good to periodically do projects like this to remind us that most projects take way longer than we'd hope but that there might also be basic lessons in one to perhaps share. This one is being featured because the approach chosen is scalable upwards with robust geometries involved using common hardware store items such as for pintles and gudgeons.

The latter essential items had proven to be particularly challenging to source complete between the limitations of available geometries such as rudder head width, materials, price and even availability in Covid times. But with 304 type stainless steel eyebolts, bolts, locknuts and washers quite readily available, along with a fine stack of left-over plywood pieces perfectly fit for building the rudder head to suspend the pivoting rudder blade from, this is actually a rather satisfying exercise in leveraging the beauty of plywood and epoxy to do this rugged structure one off, hard to see done any in other set of materials to a reasonable budget and without exotic processes.

So, let's follow the assembly and do take notes on how you'd improve the process and certain geometries to have handy once you do yours.

#1. On this 15' production fiberglass daysailer, plain cardboard offers first and then final insights on how on my given rudder blade this geometry would work on this particular hull. Every other hull will be different but the basic assumptions used here will likely be more or less applicable there as well.



#2. Between the rudder head cheeks, the core layers will take the pintle and gudgeon stresses as well.



#3. With the patterns cut out of 1/2" ply scraps, we get to temporarily assemble each rudder head half, using screws on the inside where the holes won't show under clear epoxy and varnish later. The fearsome 4" belt sander requires the pieces to be reliably fixed in place for controlled results and then some underused muscle groups in hands, arms and shoulders to indeed produce these four perfectly matching pieces.



#4. With that lovely 3/4" thick rudder blade on hand, we have a first test of underlying assumptions to confirm clearances and movements, first with the rudder vertical...



#5... and then even the option of moving it this far forward to be in line with the sloping pivot line off that sloping transom. Once both halves are laminated together, the rudder head will be 2" thick.



#6. The rudder cheek insides will bear the up and down rudder blade movement along with its slight lateral give, suggesting a layer of fiberglass on those inside surfaces now since we'll never get to reinforce those wear surfaces once the rudder head is laminated for good. A light sanding of the glass and another layer of epoxy for a smooth finish.

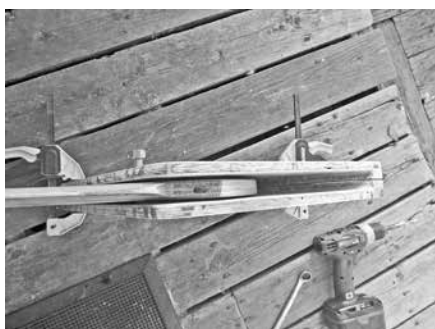


#7. It is essential to align the blade's pivot point with where it needs to be on the rudder head to allow clean movement through, say, perhaps 150°-160°. The only way to correct a misaligned blade pivot bore would be to fill things with thickened epoxy and then redo that drilling.





#8. With both sides clamped together and the blade inserted, pivoting around the 1/2" bolt, we get a first unarguable proof of all assumptions. Eventually we'll have washers outside and between blade and cheeks



#9. With both rudder blade down and up haul depending upon 3/8" rope, the blade head receives a matching groove to keep the rope aligned throughout its travel. The point is to keep the blade in a chosen position sailing or at rest without any rope outside, such as, e.g., via shackle to the blade's trailing edge which would forever vibrate moving through the water, more on this later. Here a simple small diameter round over router bit will serve to cut that groove into the plywood and doing this from both sides of the blade. There won't be much clean up necessary, apart from adding epoxy for protection. The right bit and the correct depth is essential to not damage that whole blade with this cut.



#10. Cutting the channels for the up and down haul ropes to run through, first fast and crude with the 6" cordless circular saw, then cleaned up with that superbly precise detail saw we initially hesitated to invest in, to find that when we needed it, we really needed it, like that 6' breaker bar or the 20lb sledgehammer.



#11. To point out the obvious, we really want to build two mirror image (!) halves rather than two identical pieces which would mean some time in the Moaning Chair, another indispensable tool in the shop.



#12. Here are the still open internals of the rudder head with the routing of the two blade control ropes, black to lift the blade aft and up and white to pull it down into dead vertical or even forward to stay there at speed. Both ropes are knotted on their blade ends and sit in those 3/4" holes with a 3/8" tunnel drilled towards the half circle rope groove in the top of the blade. During final assembly, threading the two lines through that larger channel and out through the rudder head proved to be undramatic. However, we will want to let out one as we pull in on the other to not have jams occur internally. I ended up swapping the lines around to use black as the pull down line and white as the pull up line. Don't ask...



#13. For hinging of the rudder and to carry that assembly's weight, I used plain #304 stainless steel hardware store 3/8" eyebolts, not eyescrews as you'll see next. These are claimed to be good for a maximum load of 350lbs and we'll be using two of these through the boat transom and two well rooted in the rudder head, all more than enough for what we are doing. The inside diameter of these eyebolts comes out to a bit over 5/8", which will thus be the diameter of the

pivot bolts to connect boat and rudder assembly with seeming overkill but with a dab of grease a reasonably tight fit that won't annoy with clunking noises and sloppy helm feel.



#14. Here are the tools to dig into the rudder head core to firmly plant each eyebolt with its nuts and washer deep in the rudder head to really resist pulling out, hence no eyescrews! We'll power cut and hand chisel until we have a half depth bed for the eyebolt to be potted in with epoxy. You'll notice the smoothed out rope channels for least friction and hidden wear of those blade lifting and down haul ropes.



Not shown is a robust session with that stout 3hp soft start plunge router to progressively take off plywood until we finish the rudder head's leading edge with a 1" roundover bit for a 180° rounded nose which will allow getting over 80° per side of rudder movement on this transom.

#15. Then we do a thorough greasing of the eyebolt's thread to allow rotating the bolt in and out a bit later for rudder pivot axis adjustments. We get it into every thread but remove the excess to allow the epoxy to still grip the threads some.



#16. With masking tape around the eyebolt bed so not to have to clean up epoxy later, we flood the open wood grain with plain epoxy.



#17. After plenty of careful dry fitting earlier to get the correct depth, it is now the commitment with epoxy.



#18. And since the eye bolt heads weigh as much as their shanks, it takes clamps to reliably keep them in place while the epoxy cures.



#19. Then it's digging the same eyebolt beds into the other half of the rudder head. I would not stress the epoxied eyebolts any. Matching the innards of both rudder head halves is tedious but unavoidable.



#20. With both halves ready, now we pour plain epoxy into the freshly cut eyebolt beds and then all over the head's inside mating surfaces as well, but with an extra dollop of thickened epoxy just on the eyebolts.



#21. Next day we do a first inspection of the final rudder head lamination, here top down...



#22. ... and here bottom up.



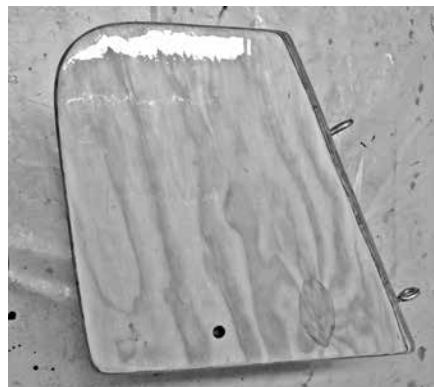
#23. Now we do a first test of the need to rotate the rudder head's eyebolts some out and in on their threads. A gentle pull with a light lever cracked any remaining epoxy bond on plain metal which will from now on allow a few turns of travel for adjustment of the rudder pivot axis.



#24. Next we use a 1/4 roundover bit to knock the edges off the rudder cheek's exterior surface.



#25. A rich coat of epoxy over the perfectly level piece will allow it to cure without runs. And yes, six to eight hours later we'll do the other side, with the first one protected by a soft cloth on the support it rests on.



#26. Now a fresh coat of epoxy over the rudder blade as well, an upgrade after several decades stored inside without sun.



#27. Going with a 2.5" long 5/8" stainless bolt, we got a smooth shank for the well greased eyebolts to rotate around with the nut coming in close enough for a tight fit for least bolt movement laterally. It's unusual on a 15' boat to have to break out the 3/4" ratchet set, but that massive 5/8" bolt held in place with a locknut is what it takes.



#28. No, we won't plan on lifting the boat by this assembly, but it all looks pretty gratifying.



#29. Here is the whole rudder assembly with the 1" plywood tiller installed. The white  $\frac{3}{8}$ " rope is the blade uphaul and the black rope will keep the unballasted rudder in the down positions. In the rush I could only grab the plain cleats, with no cam cleats on the local shelves.



#30. Blade is dead vertical and tiller way up. Clearly there is no intention of taking the rudder off anytime soon.

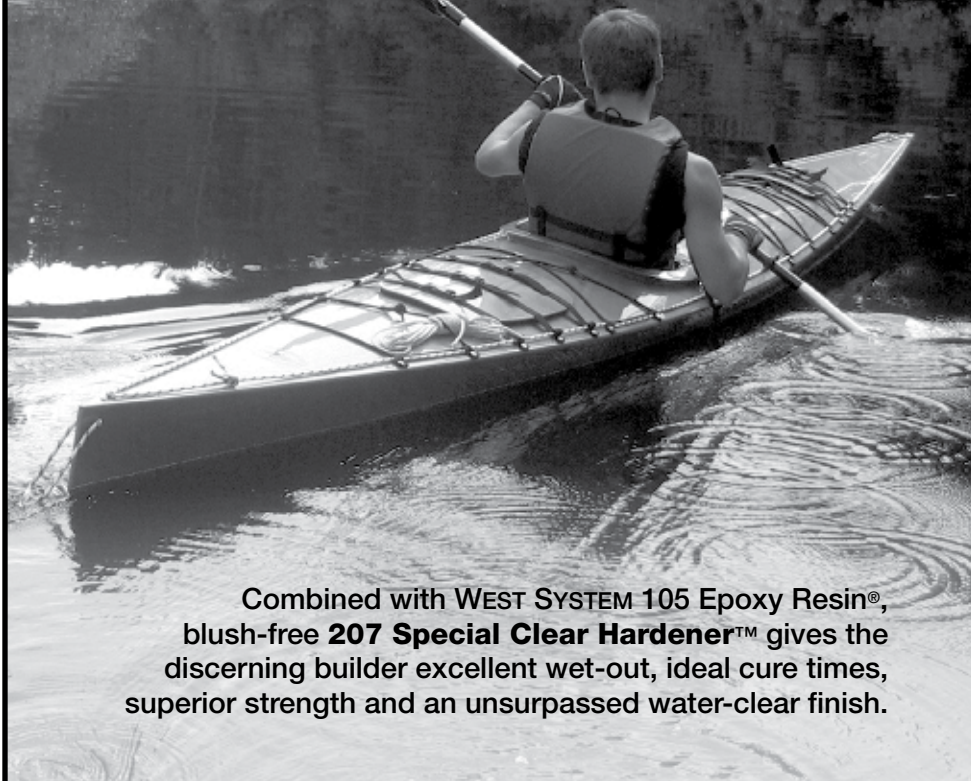


Once the rudder geometry is tested to satisfaction, we could glass all outside surfaces.

#31. It will be interesting to see the effects of moving the rudder position this farther forward. Variability is a good thing in general.



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Skatesail

A detailed article on how to make the Hopatcong skatesail. This is the standard modern sail. In the November 1952 issue of The Rudder. Price, 50 cents.



ROUND-SIDED FLAT BOTTOM SKIFF, POLLYWOG

Length overall 9 feet, beam 4 feet. Weight 85 lbs.  
A shapely little boat for use as a tender or general service skiff. Rounded sides and flat bottom. Clinker (lapstreaked) sides. Freeboard forward 15 inches, aft 11 inches. One of the best looking skiffs ever designed. Not as easy to build as a straight sided job but worth the extra effort.

Blueprints and specifications ..... Price, \$2.00



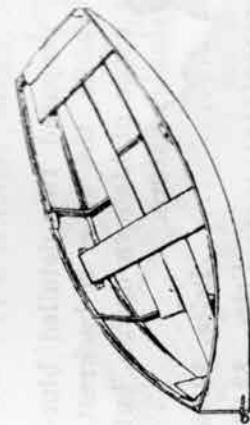
PEANUT

Length overall, 9, 10 or 11 feet, beam 4 feet 8 inches.  
Peanut is a conventional type of lapstreak, round-bottom rowboat and the plans call for making her in any one of three lengths, 9, 10 or 11 feet, by respacing the molds. Building a dinghy such as this is not a job for an inexperienced man but she is an interesting little type and will make a serviceable and handy dinghy for your larger boat. She has very light steam bent frames. Can be used with a small sail.

Blueprints and specifications ..... Price, \$2.00

THE RUDDER PUB. Co., 9 Murray St., New York 7, N. Y.

PLYWOOD SKIFF TADPOLE



Length overall 11 feet, beam 4 feet 2 inches, weight approximately 120 pounds. Easily built skiff, will carry a lot of weight, roomy and rows well. Properly built can be left on float and will not leak a drop.

In Plywood Plan Book..... Price, \$1.00

CANVAS KAYAK, SEAL

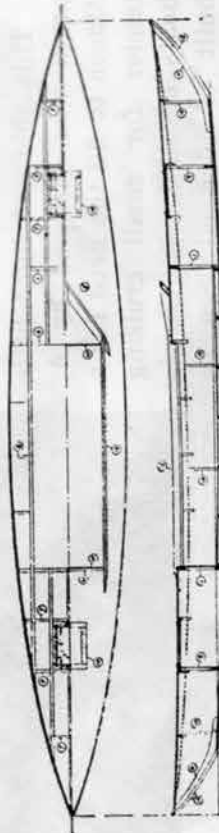
Eskimo type canvas covered kayak, 16 feet long by 27½ inches wide. One man cockpit. For paddling only.

Blueprint ..... Price, \$2.00



CANVAS COVERED CANOE, INDIAN

Regular 16 foot paddling canoe with 3 foot beam. Canvas covered. Not easy to build. Blueprint and specifications..... Price, \$2.00



DOUBLE PADDLE CANOE

Length overall 16 feet, length on bottom 13 feet 3 inches, beam 2 feet 8½ inches, depth amidship 9 inches. Designed by L. Francis Herreshoff. Planking of pine or cedar.

Blueprints ..... Price, \$5.00

THE RUDDER PUB. Co., 9 Murray St., New York 7, N. Y.



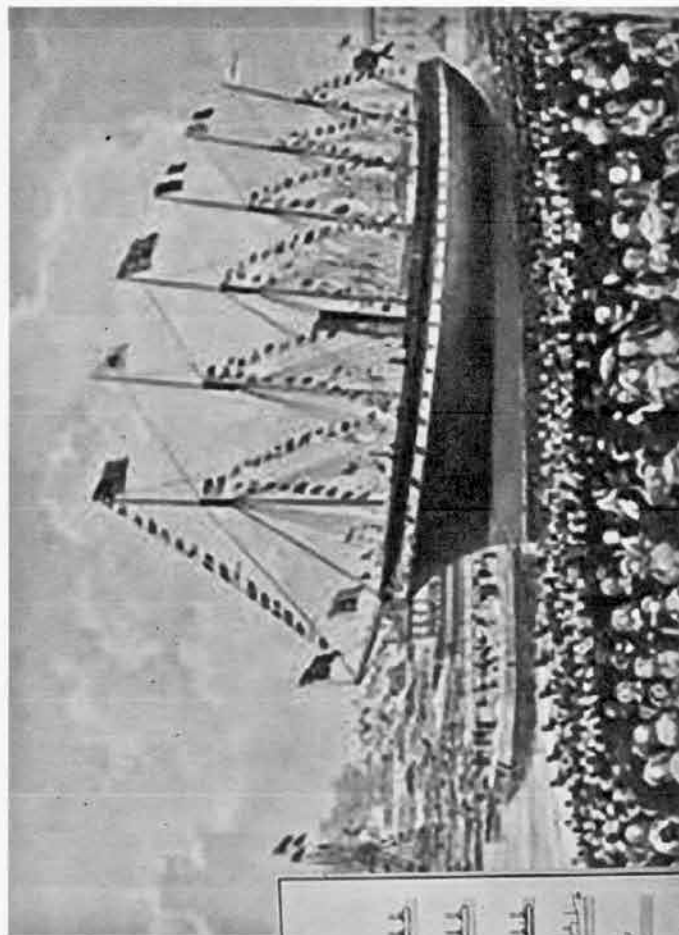


**Bob Johnson reports from UK: "Probably late 30's/early 40's? In Bristol harbor.**

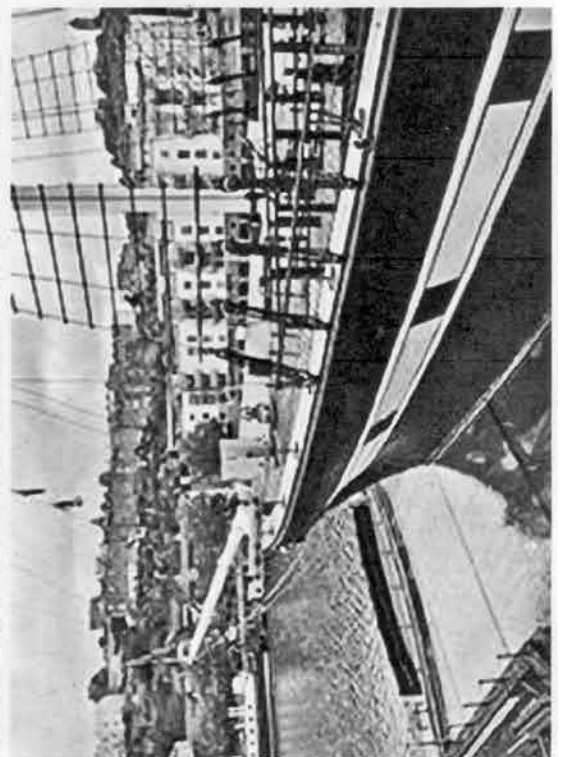
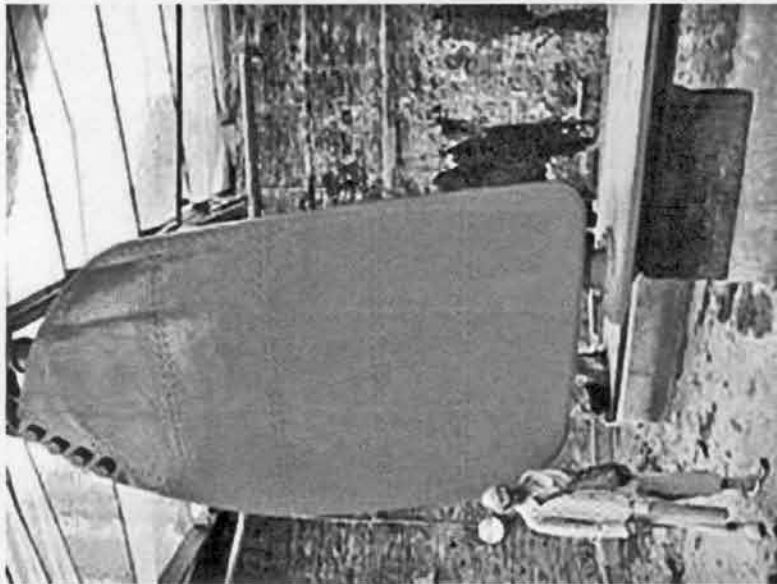
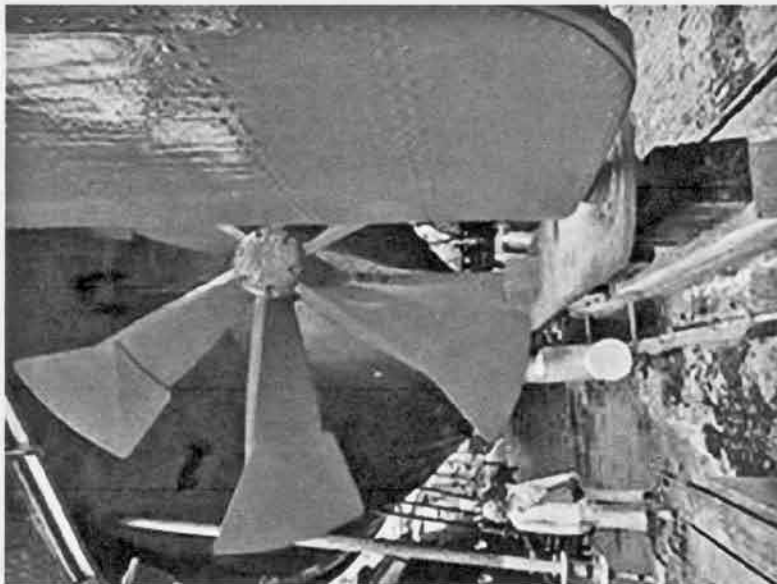
Next, a major attraction here in Bristol. SS *Great Britain* was scuttled in the Falklands on a shoal for many years. Brits decided to re-cover and tow it back to the UK (8000 miles) and completely restore. Not seaworthy but now virtually as new in 1843. First large iron ship in the world...designed by Brunel. (Flush rivets below the waterline!)

The drydock was created in Bristol specifically to build this ship. Cool that after well over a century she is displayed where created. The photo shows her looking forward to the bow. Piping is for dehumidifier air to keep salt soaked iron below the waterline from further rust decay.

BTW, we are told that Bristol has the second largest tidal range (Bay of Fundy is greater) at 18 meters...locks are used to create a stable water level in the harbor areas."



Images submitted by Bob



Photos submitted by Bob

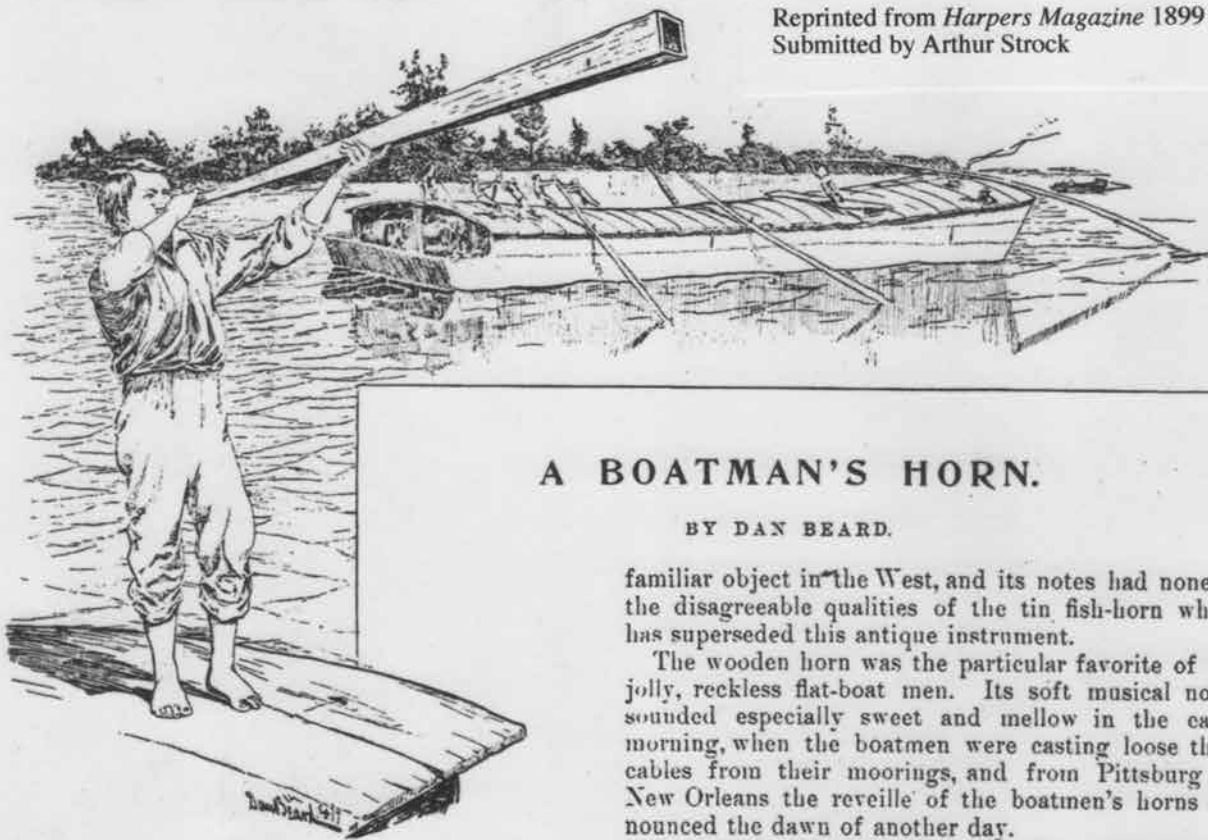
As she is today. Thick glass at waterline makes it look afloat. Top quality presentation with a number of very realistic wax people and recorded chatter typical of the crew.

I found it interesting that the (BIG) rudder geometry used on the SSGB is virtually the same as on an Island Packet.. airfoil shaped blade, counterbalanced, and a full protective shoe between keel and blade, but rivets are not flush for some reason. This was designed in the 1840's so no aircraft were flying and airfoil shapes were either non-existent or only conceptual ideas. Brunel was certainly creative. (Rudder is not the actual original).

Prop is unusual (a relatively new concept at the time) and looks to me as a modified version with the added blades at the tips. Apparently the original props self destructed so not sure what "generation" this concept represents.



Reprinted from *Harpers Magazine* 1899  
Submitted by Arthur Strock



## A BOATMAN'S HORN.

BY DAN BEARD.

familiar object in the West, and its notes had none of the disagreeable qualities of the tin fish-horn which has superseded this antique instrument.

The wooden horn was the particular favorite of the jolly, reckless flat-boat men. Its soft musical notes sounded especially sweet and mellow in the early morning, when the boatmen were casting loose their cables from their moorings, and from Pittsburg to New Orleans the reveille of the boatmen's horns announced the dawn of another day.

The Western boatmen were not the only ones who used wooden bugles, for there is an instrument of this kind still preserved in Kentucky, and is now, or was two years ago, in the possession of Mrs. Annie Mayhall, a granddaughter of Captain Robert Collins. Colonel Richard Johnson made a famous charge in the war of 1812, and Captain Bob Collins sounded the charge on his home-made cedar horn.

If there are any illustrations of this charge, the bugler will no doubt be represented as blowing on the regulation brass instrument; but you must remember, boys, that the artists were not in that fight. Artists have a way of doing things up fine, as may be seen by the pictures of our Revolutionary soldiers all in regulation uniforms, when the truth is that there was scarcely a uniformed regiment in the army. The grand old fellows fought in their hunting garb, or the dress they

**I**T is really a sad state of affairs to record, but honesty compels me to admit that there are boys of to-day who never owned a pocket-knife.

It is hardly an exaggerated figure of speech to say that the great United States and all its power and wealth have been whittled out of the raw material by our ancestors with their Barlow knives.

The time of the day-before-yesterday boys was the golden age of whittlers. The practice was not confined to the youth of the country: lawyers, merchants, and statesmen were adepts in the art; and on the counter in every well-regulated tavern was a pile of sweet-smelling cedar sticks for the guests to whittle after meals.

It was in those days that the wooden bugle was a



wore on the farm, in the store, the church, or the tavern; and while they may not have used wooden horns, it is very probable that many a Continental bugler carried an old cow's-horn with which to sound the reveille. But the bugle which sounded the death-knell of the great Indian chief Tecumseh was the old wooden horn of Captain Bob Collins.

It was made of two cedar slabs three-sixteenths of an inch in thickness, and these were trimmed and bent so that when their edges were joined they formed a funnel-shaped instrument which was about four inches in diameter at the bell or larger end, and tapered down to a convenient size at the small end or mouth-piece. The two cedar slabs were held in place by hoops made of cow's-horn.

Whether it was a habit acquired in the army, or whether Captain Bob was once a flat-boat man, is not recorded, but certain it is that the doughty Captain always sounded the reveille at sunrise, and it was not until 1864, when death called the old man home, that the neighbors for miles around saw the sun rise unheralded by the notes of the quaint instrument.

To make a horn like Captain Bob's requires nice work in steaming, bending, and joining the cedar slabs, but Captain Bob belonged to the Barlow-knife age, and undoubtedly knew how to use one.

Fortunately for boys less skilful than this old pioneer, our ancestors have furnished us another kind of horn, which any boy can make.

This instrument is known as the Wabash horn (Fig. 2), for it was among the boatmen from that river that it was always found.

Since the introduction of the house-boat as a popular summer vacation boat there is no reason why the Wabash horn should not be rescued from the legends of the West and hung under the eaves of every American boy's house-boat, to be used to summon the crew, as it was in the good old times before Fulton filled the waters with his steamboats and the air with their ear-splitting whistles.

The Wabash horn is one of the most primitive affairs possible; it is simply a long box open at both ends, and differs from an ordinary box in the fact that one end is very much smaller than the opposite end; the big end is the bell of the horn, and the small end is the part you put to your lips.

Among the flat-boat men these horns were made of pine, and sometimes they were as much as eight feet long; but five or six feet will be long enough for any ordinary boy.

Fig. 1 shows a six-foot slab, smoothed and trimmed into proper form. It should be less than a quarter of an inch thick, and made of red-wood, pine, or cedar which is free from knots, cracks, or blemishes of any kind. Make it four or five inches wide at the big end and two inches wide at the small end, outside measurement. See that the edges are perfectly straight and true; otherwise your horn will leak, and not only be difficult or impossible to blow, but if you do succeed in making a noise with it the notes will be flat and unpleasant. The other three slabs are of the same form as the one described, but to make the openings square two sides must be of dimensions given, and with the other two you must allow for the thickness of the wood, and make them just that much narrower than the first two.

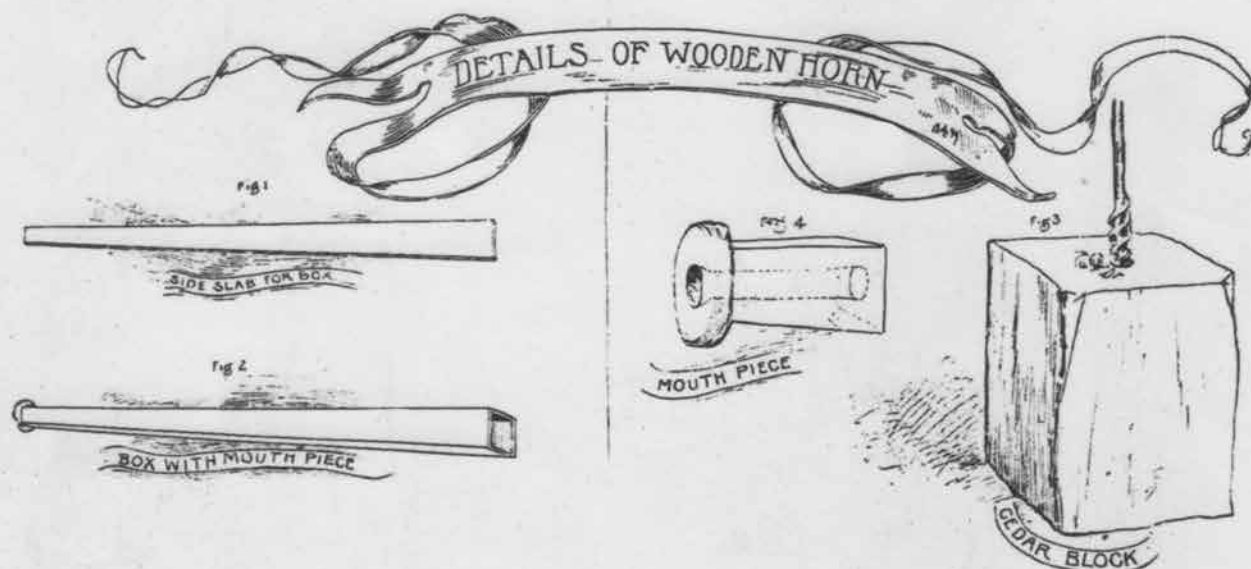
For a mouth-piece to fit in the end of the horn take a cedar block (Fig. 3) of such dimensions that there will be no risk of splitting it with the auger, and bore a hole through its centre, after which it may be trimmed down to any required dimensions. Next put three sides of your box together and fasten them securely with small brads.

You can now see the exact form of the small end, and can whittle your cedar mouth-piece (Fig. 4) to fit the little end of the box, and round off the protruding end, as shown in the diagram.

The diagrams of the block and mouth-piece are drawn on a much larger scale than those of the slab and box, that they may be better understood.

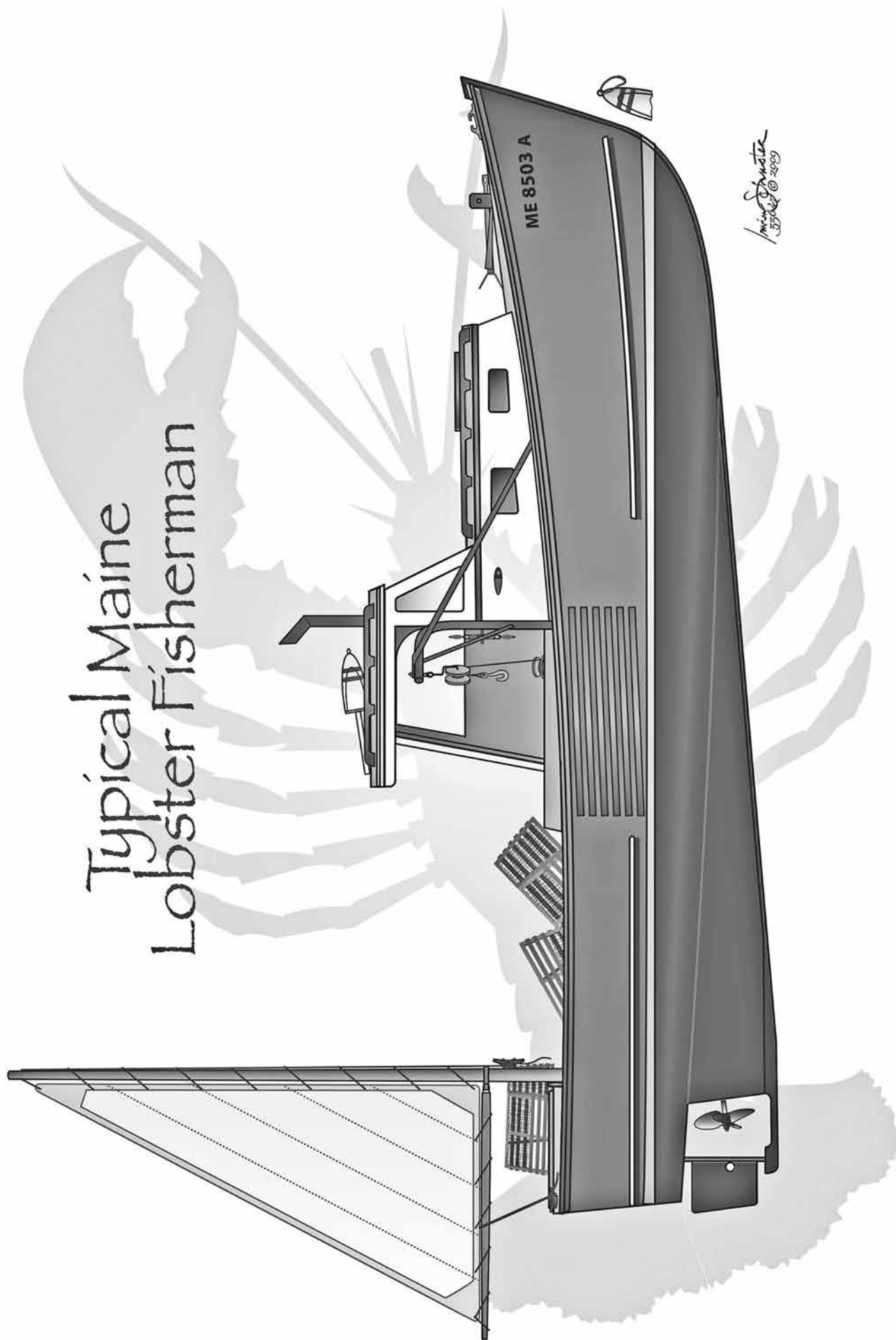
With a piece of sand-paper wrapped around a pine stick, sandpaper the hole in the cedar mouth-piece until it is perfectly smooth. Put the mouth-piece in place, tack on the remaining side to the box, and your Wabash horn is finished.

You can now practise until you learn the bugle-calls, and then hang it under the eaves of your boat, with a just feeling of pride in the knowledge that you are not only a boatman, and a modern wide-awake boy of to-day, but that you lack neither the skill nor the self-reliance of the boy of the day before yesterday.





# Typical Maine Lobster Fisherman



Small Craft Illustration #24 by Irwin Schuster  
[irwinschuster@verizon.net](mailto:irwinschuster@verizon.net)

I keep reading about fires in both boats and cars started by battery chargers that were left on for a long time or simply failed and overheated. Some years back the marine rated charger on our Sisu 26 overheated for some reason. When I opened the companionway one weekend I noticed black smudges on the wall, no "ready" light glowing on the charger and the inline circuit breaker was open. I contacted the company about the problem. They paid for me to send it back to them for analysis and sent me a new one at no cost.

Two things saved the boat from a fire. One was the 110 volt in line circuit breaker wired directly to the charger, and the other was that the charger had an internal heat sensor that shut it down when the temperature exceeded a given setting. While the problem melted some of the circuit board, it was one of those cases where paying extra for a piece of marine equipment was worth the cost.

It is not what we know, it is who we know who knows what we need to know. In other words, try not to reinvent the wheel. A good deal of my time doing research was finding out what was already known about the subject. In the old days this was called literature research and could take some time going through such sources as *Reader's Guide to Periodic Literature* (which had an excellent index system). Then there were the indexes to the *Wall Street Journal* and the *New York Times* to provide additional sources of information.

The results of such a search were citations to hard copy and/or micro fiche/microfilm for the actual information. A current search of the web may not find all the available information because no one has bothered to load the information or it was considered obsolete. However, obsolete and/or "old" data/information may contain clues to other information that is of use to the present situation.

Do you have any manual combination locks still in use? If so, do you leave all the settings except one so that the lock works and you only have to move one tumbler to unlock? An acquaintance had spin locks (turn through twice to first number, back to second number, forward to final number type) and he would reset the lock after use so all he needed to do was turn to the last number. I use three tumbler locks and have the second two set so all I need to do is engage the first tumbler for the lock to open. Both methods save some time and aggravation (especially on cold, rainy nights with a small flashlight between my teeth) but do leave the lock somewhat compromised. Of course, if anyone knows what I do with a spin lock, all they have to do is slowly turn the dial until the lock opens. With the three tumbler system, the chances of knowing which tumbler to turn could be a problem for an intruder.

An interesting question has come up concerning the use of the ECOS (engine cut-off switch), usually known as a "kill switch" lanyard. If the operator falls inside the boat and the lanyard pulls out the connector, no major problem. But how do those still on the boat restart the engine if the operator is in the water with a lanyard/switch connector still attached to that person?

The same question comes up if an electronic switch is used. Without the connection to complete the circuit, the engine cannot be started and/or operated (unless one has a background in bypassing car ignition switches). It might be a good idea to have a replacement on the boat for others to use



## From the Lee Rail

By C. Henry Depew

to get the engine started and get back to the person in the water. Of course, then there are those who will put in the connector and not attach the lanyard to their body. Oh, well!

I received a question about modifying an older fiberglass dinghy to place an outboard motor on the stern. I hope my response to this question may be of interest to you, the reader. One of the "rules" I learned early was not to modify an existing design. The design was made for a reason and the builder built the boat to that design. If the boat does not suit, get a different boat. That said:

Do not try to put a motor on the transom of a fiberglass dinghy unless quarter knees can be fitted to the gunwale to brace the top of the transom. However, such an addition will shift the stress to the connection of the transom and hull which can lead to a separation there. The major problem with adding a motor to such a craft is that it was probably not designed for the additional stresses that a small outboard will put on the hull. If the transom is beefed up, the design trim of the boat will be changed which can lead to problems when sailing. When in forward the motor is pushing the top of the transom. And when in reverse the motor is pulling on the top of the transom. I built a 14' skiff and thought about putting a 3hp Seagull outboard on it. I would have had to rebuild the transom, with all the above considerations, and decided against the idea.



When replacing wood in the transom to either fix some rot or to stiffen the transom for the attachment of a small outboard motor, how much wood will be needed, how will the replacement wood be secured and how will the result be resealed? I had a similar problem with one of my boats and ended up carefully cutting off the outer fiberglass covering, shaping a new, complete, wood piece to fit and then sealing it all back together again. In my case, the builder of the boat lived nearby and provided advice and the fiberglass used to build the boat was compatible with the fiberglass available at the time of the repair. The chemistry of fiberglass resin changes over time and the newer resin may not attach properly to the older resin.


OK, quarter knees have been fitted, the transom rebuilt and a small outboard mounted. Will the small, open dinghy still "float" if it capsizes with the motor attached? Even without a small outboard on the transom, a small boat built with fiberglass may

need flotation added unless flotation compartments were built into the hull. Be very careful about added flotation. Again, it is a question of design and the stress such flotation will exert if the boat is awash. If the flotation is placed under the seats, they will have to be secured to their rests and the stress will be moved to those pieces which are designed for downward pressure and not upward pulling. There is also the question of what is the material making up the seat rests.

How good are the electrical ground connections to all the electronics on your boat? When testing circuits, everyone checks that power is getting to the device but they seldom bother to make sure the circuit is complete back to the ground connection. A loose or worn connection can lead to intermittent operation or no operation at all.

My GTO had a now and then starting problem. The battery was OK, as was the starter and the connections to the starter. The posts on the battery were cleaned and everything tightened down. However, the diameter of a negative battery post is smaller than the diameter of a positive battery post and all I had was positive battery connectors, so the connection to the negative post was not as tight as it should have been. I put a lead "cap" on the negative post and the problem stopped. It was simply that the negative connection to the battery was not "tight" enough for proper current flow. While I had both sizes of battery connectors in the boat's toolbox, I also had a couple of the lead caps, just in case.

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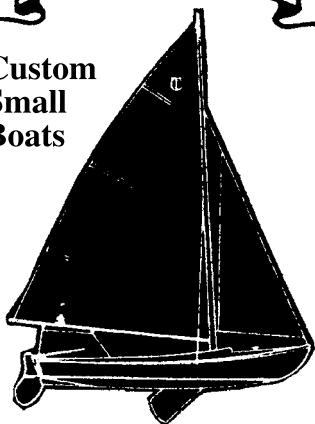
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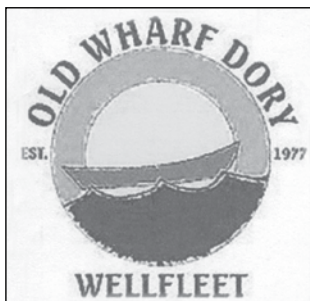


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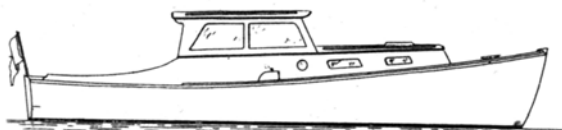
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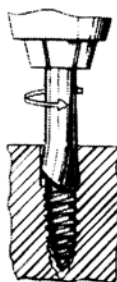
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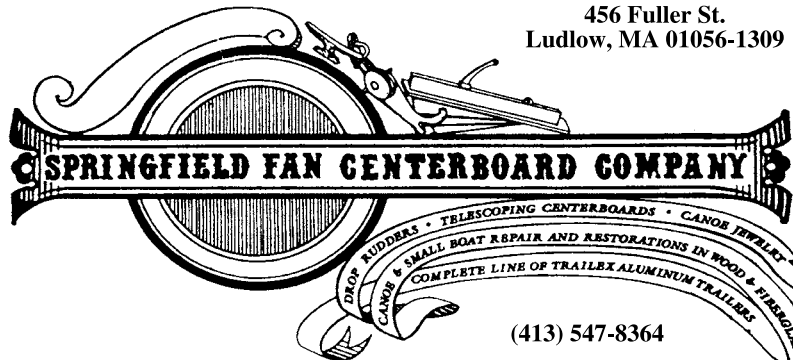
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